



we the best losers 🔥

trashmouth



trashmouth

Imao dickheads !!!!! look
what i found in my
computer !!!!!

trashmouth

yet, puberty fucked bill so
deep tho



iMessage



All For Us by [unevagabonde](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - High School, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Anxiety, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Bisexual Bill Denbrough, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Bullying, Child Abuse, Childhood Trauma, Coming of Age, Denial of Feelings, Drug Addiction, Eddie Kaspbrak is a Mess, F/M, First Time, Fluff and Smut, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Sex, Grief/Mourning, Harassment, Idiots in Love, Internalized Homophobia, Losers Club (IT) Friendship, Love at First Sight, M/M, Mental Health Issues, Mike Hanlon is a Good Friend, Pansexual Mike Hanlon, Parent-Child Relationship, Pennywise Exists In It But Not In The Way You May Expect It, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Recreational Drug Use, Rough Sex, Sassy Stanley Uris, Soft Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, Underage Drinking, dysfunctional flirting by dysfunctional people

Language: English

Characters: Audra Phillips, Ben Hanscom, Betty Ripsom, Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh's Aunt, Bill Denbrough, Bill Denbrough's Parents, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Henry Bowers, Mike Hanlon, Original Characters, Patricia Blum Uris, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Patricia Blum Uris/Stamley Uris

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-10-01

Updated: 2019-11-28

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:58:05

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 5

Words: 42,242

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

"It was the end of summer, back-to-school was coming up, I had no intention of staying clean and Richie Trashmouth Tozier was back in

Derry."

Without any filter but with humor and franchise, here's the harsh coming of age story of Derry's youth through the eyes of Eddie Kaspbrak, 17, fresh out of rehab.

1. Screwed

Author's Note:

- A translation of [Rien Que Nous](#) by [unevagabonde](#).

Notes for the Chapter:

I really don't know what went through my mind when I thought writing a Euphoria fanfiction but with the characters from the movie IT (2017) would be a good idea. Anyway, we're here.

There was a time in my life where everything was fine, but that, that was before I was ripped out of my mother's womb. Since then, it's been shit.

Chapter 1

Screwed.

I was born on September 3rd, 2002 in a world post 9/11 completely overwhelmed by the mourning and the duty of memory. It has been four months since Sam Raimi's Spiderman was at the top of the world box office and that Peter Parker had managed to give hope to America and New York. Far from everything and from New York, there was my mother and my father, and I was their Spiderman. Nice, huh? I don't think so.

My life begins without warning with a childhood in a big house in the depths of America's asshole. Derry, Maine. A small town so small that everyone knows each other and knows everything. That's where the problems start. My father became ill when I was 9 years old and my overprotective mother was already beginning to fall into what I call "parental and marital abuse". Life at home was absolutely not great, especially because of my "not fitting" behavior.

"Eddie-bear, is everything okay?" asked Sonia Kaspbrak worried.

A 10-year-old Eddie was still staring at the front door counting seconds every time he heard the clock tick of the dining room.

"Eddie-bear, look at me." she added in a calm voice. "You did not even touched your .."

Eddie turned his head to Sonia and began to cry. Sonia and Frank looked at each other in amazement, feeling completely helpless.

They did what every healthy-minded parent would do, choosing to consult several doctors, a psychologist and a children's psychiatrist. I wasn't physically abused, I always drank at least a liter of water a day, my mother prepared me good dishes, my father did not hit me...

"Your son has OCD, ADHD and anxiety. He has a higher brain activity than the average child for his age, probably due to hypersensitivity and perhaps also to behavioral disorders... But he's still too young to tell."

The psychiatrist's voice left a blank in the room and Sonia Kaspbrak burst into tears. Frank stroked his wife's back for reassurance and Eddie turned to his mother without understanding what was happening.

So why do I have this?

"Neuroatypical, you are neuroatypical, Eddie-bear."

Eddie mimicked his mother while eating his cereal bowl, she glanced at him, he stopped and sighed.

"Show me your phone, I'll check your alarms."

An 11-year-old Eddie contemplated the capsules, pills and other medications that his mother was carefully distributing in each compartment of his medicine box. He handed him his yellow iPhone 5c that he had already unlocked on the alarms page.

"You have to take all your medicine, at the times indicated."

"I know, Ma."

Sonia looked at her son, who continued to eat with a peeved look on his face. She sat down beside him, putting down his cellphone and the box of compartmentalized tablets.

"You know ... there are lots of famous people like you - famous people, super creative and smart." She managed to catch Eddie's attention and then continued. "Look, your favorite actor who plays in The Truman Show for example."

"Jim Carrey?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Sonia with a smile.

Yeah, and we all remember Jim Carrey during the 00s New Year Eve on David Letterman's set.

"A genius." ended Eddie with a smile before getting up and packing his box in his fanny pack.

I don't really remember my pre-adolescence and all that time when I was 10 to 12. I mean, I remember my friends, how meaningless life was, how fast everything was falling apart for us because of daddy's pneumonia, and how the world was going way too fast for my brain. And that

sometimes, if I happened to think too much about everything, to concentrate too much on an smell or on the number of germs present under the table on which I wrote or on the strange way that I breathed ... I had a violent asthma attack. The space of a moment. But very quickly the space of a moment became all the time and all the time became a fight to fight these crises. And frankly...

"So this day, son?" Frank asked with a smile as Eddie walked into his room still dressed with his backpack.

He could hear his father listen to Queen and David Bowie's [Under Pressure](#), one of his favorite songs who became one of his. That made him sketch a small smile.

"I'm fucking done with it."

I'm not necessarily proud of the choices I've made, but it wasn't really like my mom didn't push me. The house was full of meds. Meds here, meds there, meds in the kitchen, in the bathroom, in the guest room, in the garage. My mother ordered meds profusely but gave me "gazeboes" when I was perhaps the one who needed treatment the most. A treatment, I needed a treatment. I got it. It was there in front of me, everywhere, I knew every name and every dose of what the psychiatrist was giving me, it was not hard to remember, so I took it. I took but nothing. I did not feel any difference, the asthma attacks, the tremors, the sadness were still there. I took again and again and always more. When I went to the doctors, they increased the doses and I changed my mother's gazeboes with my real meds. It made me feel something in the end, but it was too late, I was already addicted. But after all, is it really my fault? Oh, and I think we say "placebos".

12 years old and already on medication dependence. 13 years old and I stole my father's morphine and other painkillers. 14 years old and I was asking for more with my psychotropics. 15 years old, I took my 1st taz and smoked my first joint. 16 years old and I sniffed my first rail, the first

among others. That's why Georgie Denbrough found me unconscious in my own vomit. I had become a junkie ? I don't know. I just liked the feeling. The feeling that it gave me, the nothingness. For once on earth, for as long as I can remember, I felt something new every time. It was this need that had led Georgie to scream with fear, which alerted Bill Denbrough to run to discover the disaster and tell him to look for my mother as he tried to wake me up. Poor Big Bill, he thought I was dead. I believed it, too.

I spent the whole summer in rehab after that, I never understood why. Well, I did but I didn't think I was addicted to drugs. Drugs filled the gap that meds sometimes leave when it's over. But I've learned that meds, too, are drugs.

"Eddie!"

"Georgie!"

Georgie ran into Eddie's arms, Eddie couldn't help laughing and making remarks about how Georgie was almost ahead of him now. This made Bill laugh when he came to give him their secret handshake before taking the smallest in his arms.

"Hey!" whispered Eddie with a big smile.

Sonia in the distance watched her son squeeze the only two friends she had allowed to come with her to pick up Eddie, since they had been present and saved him with the accident. They ended up taking the road with them to their house.

"I'm so happy you're back home, Eddie-darling, I missed you so much, never do that again, you gave me up for 3 long months, you realize, I could not do nothing without you, I was so lonely and you know how much I hate it, never do that again, I made an appointment with the hospital for full exams and we will change you your doses, I will take good care of you my ... "

Eddie stopped paying attention to his mother, he looked around, Georgie and Bill cheerfully discussed everything Bill had planned to do to make up for lost time with Eddie. Not to mention the Losers, but Eddie figured out they were in. The brunette one landed on the windowsill and let the wind caress his face. He noticed in the

distance a boy on a bicycle, this long and thin figure was telling him something. Brown curls, an alternative style between neglected but sought after, worn out converses, pale skin to death. Eddie's eyes marveled at his sight when the car passed him. He felt his heartbeat accelerate and his heart pounding.

And that's when the beginning of the end really began. It was the end of summer, back-to-school was coming up, I had no intention of staying clean and Richard Trashmouth Tozier was back in Derry. I had to talk to the one person who knew everything about everything.

"So ... How long have you been back among us ? You have completely hidden your return." Mike asked, eating his salad.

"A week and I didn't hide everything! I was in quarantine between the hospital and at home all week, thanks Ma. Bill didn't tell you?" said Eddie watching Mike eat.

"Bill and I don't really talk right now when we see each other. You know that."

Mike is probably the smartest person I know, yet he still didn't dare tell the love of his life that he loved him. At the same time, he was living on a planet other than ours and didn't really have time to be a normal high school student. It was easier to fuck Bill and continue to just be his bro than become his significant other.

"Richie is back, by the way."

"Ah."

"Yup, he went to the farm and got a 50\$ of weed. He didn't even want me to give him a price."

"D'you know more ?"

"Hm... He's already been here for two weeks. He seemed pretty happy

to be back, California changes you a man." said Mike laughing what made Eddie smile. "We'll see when we get back to school."

Eddie nodded at Mike.

"How are you feeling ?" Mike asked, carefully watching Eddie.

"Great since I gave my life to abstinence and I stopped jerking off." Eddie answered seriously.

"Oh Cool, cool, cool, I'm really happy for you."

"Mike, I'm messing with you. You should see your face." Eddie laughed while Mike gave him a pat on the shoulder. " Anyway, is your grandfather here, Vegemike ?"

"Are you serious bro ?"

"Hey, it's not because I was on rehab that I'm going to stay clean."

"But.... Isn't that the point of a rehab ? I won't let you do something stupid again."

"Come on, just weed."

"You do not like weed, Kaspbrak."

"Fine but can I at least have your cherry tomatoes ?"

Mike nodded and smiled at his best friend who continued to eat his salad with him.

Something I missed this summer ? My trips to the Hanlon farm. Mike being a divine cook and plus a vegan, obviously, his food was safe and harmless to me. And the Hanlon house was the best hostess for parties, it was big, rebuilt in recent years and far enough to be quiet. I must have missed a lot of parties, but if there was one coming up, Stanley Uris'. And if you thought I was gonna miss it, the last big party before school, so the most important one of the summer, you can suck my dick. That's probably why that piece of shit of Henry Bowers brought his ass back to the farm. It's a good thing the Hanlons were selling him their merch for twice as much.

"Oi ! That's his mama's boy !" he cried as he entered the storefront. "I thought you were dead. Good, you're still here, because my knife will be able to taste the ground."

"Go get your shit and get off him, dude."

"Lucky I haven't touched you since you're the best drug dealer in town, nig.."

Mike rose sharply and faced Bowers. His eyes were black and Bowers backed away.

"All right, all right, I'll go."

I never liked Henry Bowers, and I truly believe no one has ever loved him. Even his father hates him. If you were looking for someone to identify as the rich cis het white man in this city, it was him. He was "untouchable" or rather believed himself untouchable because his father was the most influential guy in the city. He had been sheriff but had ended up building his business and it had taken. It was quite unbelievable, however, now Bowers was living his best life and did not think he had to be accountable to anyone when he still had a mullet cut in 2019 and that he should clearly shut up the fuck up. Before, he harassed me as well as the rest of the Losers club, for my part I was entitled to "girly boy" in profusion. But one day we humiliated him front of his friends, since then he has left us alone. And yesterday's nerds become today's popular kids. Karma, as they say.

It was about to get dark in a few hours, a young man was cycling in the streets of Derry. He was tall, fine and handsome. A car passed by him and he was destabilized.

"Back among us, motherfucker, this is my secret sauce as a welcome gift, Tozier !"

Bowers' voice was loud and Hockstetter's laugh had not failed him.

Richie had managed to avoid the milkshake he had sent him. He gave him fingers as he went away and Richie sighed on his way home. He passed by the kitchen and dropped off his racing bag and went to his room where he threw himself into his bed. He took out his phone and went straight to Grindr. Richie was scrolling, watching nudes, messages, chatting with people, going from Grindr to Tinder, and finally finding happiness. For tonight, anyway, then took a nap.

If there was anyone that nobody expected to see again in Derry, it was Richie fucking Tozier. He told me he was back from his parents' divorce. His father had kept the old family house in which he lived in Derry. Something must have happened with his mother in California because Richie preferred to come and live with his father in our good ol' Derry, but he refused to tell me what happened. That Tozier really is a moron.

Richie awoke. It was already 7 pm. He sighed, got up, went downstairs to eat with his father who had prepared some homemade pizzas and then went back to his room. It was 8 pm. He got motivated, launched his "Party times" playlist which debuted on [Plus Putes Que Toutes Les Putes](#) from the French band Orties. He took a shower and picked out an outfit. When he found the right one, he couldn't help but smile. A black wide sweater with a yellow stripe in the middle and "The villa hopes" written on it, simple black slim jeans, red socks and its Converse x 70 x OFF Springs Velour Patchwork. He rolled up his sleeves, made himself up by putting on black, blue, yellow and red eyeliner to make an editorial makeup, nothing too dramatic. He was dancing in front of his mirror and laughing. He passed his hands several times in his dark curls, put big silver rings on his fingers and finally put on his necklaces including his favorite, the one with a red balloon pendant. He took his Lacoste fanny pack and while looking at it, he had a little smile thinking of the one person who had never stopped wearing these before it became trendy again. He went down the stairs and fell on his father.

"Oh, look at yourself ! So, where are you going?" asked Wentworth Tozier while observing his son.

Richie arrived in front of his father after crossing the living room. They lived in a beautiful house, quite luxurious from the outside as well as the inside. Richie hugged his father to reassure him.

"To a party, with friends."

"Friends?"

"Yes, my old friends, dad."

Wentworth nodded and Richie waved his hand with his index finger and middle finger at his temple before moving them away.

"Watch out, have fun and protect yourself, Rich!"

Oh, don't worry, Mr. Tozier, Richie was sure to protect himself properly with those Saint Laurent condoms in his bag.

Richie smiled at his father before taking his bike and leaving.

Richie did not want his return to make too much noise. Yet it was all the opposite effect. Everyone who had lived in Derry between 2002 and 2016, so everyone, knew Richie Trashmouth Tozier. The first to know about Richie's return was Ben. Simply because the two were following the same two-week artistic summer course that the school had organized. It was a little stupid because Richie was a little genius despite appearances and Ben was just good at everything without having to force. At least Ben had been able to reconnect with Richie and pass the information to the rest of Losers, but except me, of course.

When he arrived in front of a hotel in the city, he smiled at the message of the chosen one and sent a message to Ben.

[Forget me for tonight, I have a date.]

Ben glanced at his phone, and then at Beverly. Both exchanged suspicious looks.

"What's going on?" Beverly asked.

"It's Richie. He says he's not coming tonight."

"What did you tell him?" Beverly looked at herself in the mirror.

"Nothing! He's just gonna do his little business with someone."

"Oh okay, chill, he'll come later. Why you scare us like that!" replied Beverly getting close to Ben to give him a kiss on the cheek.

Ben went red in action and Betty Ripsom made a disgusting sound. Beverly stopped to look at the brunette, she had completely forgotten her presence. After all, it was her who'll dropped them off at Stanley's.

"Stop. You'll do the same thing tonight and even more," she said looking at her.

In case you're wondering, yes, Ben is in love with Bev. It's been far too long for me to remember. For Bev, though, no one really knows. Bev is a pretty secretive person, in truth. Maybe that's why there's a lot of rumors about her all the time. She's been dragging that bad reputation with her as a tease, yet it's never stopped her from being more badass than anyone in Derry. Maybe the most amazing and craziest thing she did was that bet with Stan. She agreed to date Henry Bowers for a month before and after she came back from her vacation in Portland and then, she dumped him two days ago.

"You slept with Bowers, you don't have the right to speak." Betty retorted.

"You should stop believing what everybody says. Bowers is a clown and it was all fake so.. Tonight, we move on." she said turning to Ben.

"Yes ! That's what everyone wants to hear ! Ben, tonight you have to fuck ! Not just a handjob or a blowjob. It's not the '80s anymore, you have to catch someone."

Ben smiled slightly embarrassed and turned to Beverly who grinned while listening to Betty. He totally ignored Betty's words, then lowered his head, a little disappointed. He really wanted to disappear underground at this very moment.

In his place, I'd like to, too. Thank you, Betty.

"Ma ? I'm leaving."

"Where, Eddie-bear? And so late? You can't leave me like this." Sonia said as her son came into the living room. "And dressed like that? You look like a bad boy, I don't like it."

"That's my usual style, Ma. It's only 10 pm and I'm going to Bill's. Don't wait for me and don't panic. And yes, I took my medicine with me and my insulin just in case. See you, Ma."

A 16-year-old Eddie closed the front door and leaned back against it, looking down the street and sighing. He was divinely handsome, he had combed his hair, put glitter on his eyes and mascara which gave him an even more intense look. He had put on a silk shirt with patterns like the rich women's scarves, the colors were soft and pastel like salmon, beige, yellow or baby blue but it contrasted with his lame bomber and his slightly tanned and brilliant skin. With that, he had put some necklaces and he also let see his chest. He was wearing his white low converses and black skinny ripped jeans. He took a puff from his inhaler and looked at his bike lying on the ground. He turned his head away and began to walk. He took out his airpods and launched one of his Daily Mix on Spotify, he closed his eyes at Alphaville's [Forever Young](#).

It is never easy to leave this house with a mother as unbearable as mine. In fact, I lied. I'm not going to go to Bill's, it would be too much of a detour. We'll meet at the party. I preferred to walk because when I drink, I don't take the road because...

All the times he passed out, in the middle of the road completely drunk, kept coming to his mind as a nightmare.

You got it, anyway. I know, you're surprised that I drink, but alcohol is pretty much the same as my meds. Except for beer, I hate beer.

Eddie was quietly walking around, dancing, listening to Cyndi Lauper. When a noisy car because of the music made itself heard more and more as it passed by. The passengers listened to [Dang!](#) of

Mac Miller and that made Eddie smile, he loved Mac Miller.

"Oh my god, stop the car." exclaimed Beverly. "I said stop the car, Betty."

"Why ?" Betty asked, slowing down.

"We just passed Eddie Kaspbrak!" said Ben looking in through the back window.

"Oh my God! I think he was dead." Betty laughed.

"Shut up. You should be the one to die, Ripsom." Ben replied.

Eddie walked in front of them, not paying attention.

"Yo, the comeback!" yelled Beverly what pulled Eddie out of his music.

He turned to her and looked at her with a smile. She had a big smile and he leaned towards her.

"It's good to see you again, we missed you." she said in all sincerity.

Ben nodded, which made Eddie smile, he almost had tears in his eyes. His best friends had not forgotten him.

"Are you being dropped somewhere?" Betty Ripsom asked.

"Well, thank you !"

Eddie waved to him and Ben opened the back door. He got into beautiful Betty's Volvo and Bev turned to him.

"What the hell are you listening to? Certainly not the New Kids On The Block." She said looking at Ben who shook his head negatively by squinting his eyes.

Eddie looked at his iPhone 8, Time After Time was finished, he pouted at the next song.

"[London Calling](#)." he answered hesitantly.

"Perfect."

The music started in the car, all four began to jam in the car while singing.

The party was already in full swing when Eddie arrived with the others. Stan's house shone from the outside and eclipsed all the other houses. From the inside, it looked like it was going to explode. In all the rooms, chaos. A kind of suffocating heat was emanating and Megan Thee Stallion's [Hot Girl Summer](#) filled the house.

The minute Stan's eyes crossed mine, he left Patricia for my arms. It was nice, it wasn't every day that Staniel gave you a hug.

"Edward Kaspbrak himself. I'm so happy to see you !" Stan shouted in his arms.

Stan held him so tight that Eddie felt he was going to choke him. He must have been a little drunk. He was wearing a simple beige sweater with black pants and beige and white Nike. It was divine. He had always been, it was Stan, he could afford it.

"Hey everyone ! Look who's back ! To Eddie !" shouted Bev while lifting up her shot of tequila in the air.

The people present in the room did the same and repeated these two words at the same time. Bill raised his glass in Eddie's direction and gave him me a big smile. Everyone drank their glasses. Bev gave Eddie a shot of tequila and everyone was looking at him now.

It was weird. Being the center of attention is clearly not my stuff. But, I drank that shot and after that, everyone screamed for joy. Bev gave me a hug, then Mike just added himself to the hug, then Bill and then Stan. The Losers were together and I could clearly throw up right now.

The hotel was rather classy, the room too, thought Richie. He did not know that places like this existed in Derry. The chosen one was therefore fortunate. When he returned from a room that served as a kitchen with two glasses of champagne. Richie looked at him carefully, he liked to sleep with older men, but he never imagined that Butch Bowers was *that* kind of man.

"Thank you." he said, looking at the man standing in front of him.

"Your face is familiar to me, have we ever seen each other?" Butch asked, looking at Richie.

Later, Riche told me that at the moment he wanted to say yes. He really should have done it.

"Not that I remember."

Butch nodded and drank his glass of champagne.

Richie had said he was 18, technically he was not lying, he was actually going to have them. The knowledge. And Richie was consenting.

Butch watched Richie.

"We will not fuck, you're too young."

Richie nodded, he avoided swallowing.

"I envy your generation, however. When I see you, I see two life choices."

He stroked Richie's cheek, then his lips with his thumb. Richie was looking at him almost religiously. There was a kind of tension in the room. They were not going to sleep together, but it was almost as if. In a parallel dimension, it was happening.

"You can leave, live an extremely beautiful life elsewhere, be fully yourself, find love, or you can stay here and end up like me, hanging out in fancy hotels." Butch continued looking at Richie's eyes.

"Both choices are possible." retorted Richie.

Butch's thumb sank into Richie's mouth.

"If only I could, I'd smash you." he said in a low voice.

Richie closed his eyes. He could not really say what he was looking for in this kind of completely barge plan. But there was so much he was looking for. One was definitely that special bond he had once bonded with a unique person in his life. When both made leave of this vocal flirtation, this visual fuck. Richie put [California](#) by Lana Del Rey in his ears.

He looked at the door of the closed bathroom because the chosen one was taking a shower, he must have met someone before him and shoot his shot. Richie looked at his phone and left the room without making a noise. Once outside the hotel, he lit a cigarette. He took a few steps to his bike, when the song ended, the cigarette was too. He changed his song and went straight to Stan's house.

And there. The evening went fucking nuts.

The huge stairs in Stan's house were flooded and mobilized by people kissing, drinking or whatever. The music was in full swing, Eddie did not know the song, but he would have sworn it was one of the songs that Mike composed during his free time. He pushed people a bit to pass and went to the nearest toilet. He closed the door and looked at himself in the mirror before taking a breath of his ventoline. He kept looking in his bag with a tiny vial of white powder inside. There was almost nothing, but it did not matter because Eddie knew it was extremely strong. He spread it on a small spatula attached to his keychain which he had disinfected before and sniffed everything. He ran a hand through his hair and left the room. The sensations becoming stronger, his brain seemed to be reviving.

Blackbear's [Hot Girl Bummer](#) burst into his ears. Suddenly, the world around him seemed to be totally out of sync with him. He almost lost his balance. Standing on the wall, clinging to people. The world revolved around him and he danced on the music that filled his brain.

All you need to know is that there are several versions of what happened tonight. It all depends on who tells you the story and... I'm not necessarily

the most reliable narrator for this evening. But what I can assure you is that Bowers screwed up.

Bowers had been drinking since before with the party. He spent the night looking for Beverly and she wasn't that hard to find she was in the Uris' pool. Even wet, she was still the most beautiful girl of the party. She made a fairly simple make up. You'd think she had nothing if you didn't know the basics of makeup. She was having fun with Betty and Audra Phillips, one of the many exes of Bill, by doing a water fight. And who knows why, Bowers as the fragile man that he is, wanted to break the moment.

"Slut!" he shouted as he reached the terrace.

He pointed to Beverly who turned to him.

"Yes ?" she replied, with a great deal of irony, a smile on her lips.

Everyone laughed and scolded Beverly's name. Bowers turned speechless. Beverly's smile widens.

"Well then, 2 minutes 30 lost his big mouth ?" she said, coming out of the water and facing Bowers. "That is what I thought."

Everyone was watching the confrontation carefully. The first one since Beverly dumped Bowers and announced that it was all just a bet between her and Stan.

"Shut the fuck up, you're not even good at blowjobs anyway."

"How could you know that since I would never suck your dick Henry Bowers ? Now, please stop humiliating yourself in public. Go back to your friends and forget me, please."

Bowers wanted to fight back but Beverly pushed him into the water and Georgie Denbrough grabbed his leg to make it easier for him to fall. Everyone shouted and laughed. Stanley stood up and turned away from Mike, Bill and Eddie and apologized to see what was going on with Beverly.

"Really ?" He asked.

"You'll pay me Losers." he said as he stepped out of the pool and back inside.

Losers: 1.

Bowers: 0.

The school year is starting well.

Bill and Mike were laughing and Eddie smiled at Beverly.

It was at that moment that they concluded. The funny thing is that Bill, when he is under the influence of alcohol, totally loses his stuttering. So it was funny to hear him speak so clearly to Mike, especially when it was about rimming. I would have preferred not to be here to hear that but I'm sure I heard a "I love you Mikey" so finally, it was worth it.

"Everything's okay, bro ?" asked Mike, noticing his presence again.

"Yeah.. Yeah, that's fine... Glad to see you two are okay." he said, smiling and watching Bill hiding his blushing.

At the same time, there was another one for whom things were going well. Ben Hanscom. Ben was playing truth or dare in one of the upstairs rooms with several of the Cheerios like Myra or some of the guys from our class. Normally, truth or dare was the game we used to play when we were playing between us only, but here, it turned into a conversation about sex. And Ben Hanscom wasn't a pro on the subject.

"What ? Are you really a virgin ?" asked one of the guys in the discussion. "And do not say that a blowjob counts."

"It counts." retorted Myra.

"You know nothing about it Myra. You're the one who wants to fuck Eddie Kaspbrak while everyone knows he's gay and clearly not interested."

Myra looked up and sulked.

"Who are you saving yourself for, man ?" asked another one of the guys.

Beverly Marsh.

"No one. I'm just waiting for the right moment." Ben replied.

"Like, now's not a good time ?" asked another cheerleader. "If, I asked you to sleep with me tonight, what would you say ?"

Ben blinked several times at Anna's question and remained speechless.

Of course, Ben is an eternal romantic. He writes rose water's poems and draws like a god, appreciates courteous love stories and is much stronger when it comes to putting his thoughts on paper than saying them out loud. But, Ben Hanscom was definitely not a coward. He was just a virgin in a society where we wanted boys to breathe and eat porn all day long.

Anna leaned back to Ben.

"You're super cute, Ben. You used to be before you started working out. In 5 years you'll be a sex bomb and I want my cut now." she said in a rather serious tone.

The whole room was breathless, Anna was one of the sexiest girls in high school. Ben nodded softly and Anna smiled.

"Everybody clear this room, now !"

While Ben surely lived what would be one of the most memorable evenings of his life. Richie Tozier had arrived at the party, and I was sprawled on that couch by the pool watching Mike and Bill be in love. Shit, I want what they have. At the same time, Beverly was playing in the pool with Audra and Betty, but you already know the rest.

"By the way, Eddie, you owe me 120 bucks." Mike said looking at his friend.

"Yeah, but I thought our friendship and the fact that I'm alive made up for that." Eddie replied.

"If you say so." Bill replied.

Stan came to join them.

"Frankly, Eddie, I missed you, we missed you all, it was not the same this summer without you, your drug stories make me feel bad."

"Aw Stan, don't be sentimental."

"No, that's not it. I love you, man, but... you really scared us." he said, taking a break before turning to Eddie.

Mike and Bill nodded in agreement with Stan.

"We thought you were dead. And seriously, Eddie, I've seen a lot of people die, but I would never agree to see you die for that. I've seen a lot of people die, but not people like you." Mike added. "I don't know exactly what's going on with your brain, but I can tell you one thing, drugs and getting high is not your solution."

A blank settled in between these four. He was not unpleasant, on the contrary. It was peaceful. They watched Beverly and Bowers fight.

"There's one thing I remember... it happened when I was nine years old, shortly after my father was diagnosed. We were told that he was going to get better, I mean, that he had a chance of getting better. So, we celebrated it, we went to New York, seven hours back and forth. One of the best moments of my life. I told my dad that when I grew up, I would go to New York and live there."

Eddie's voice started shaking and Stan gently shook his hand.

"Then we came home and I remember... that night, I slept with my parents and suddenly I couldn't breathe. As if there was no oxygen in the world. My parents called the ambulance thinking I had a violent asthma attack. At the hospital, they gave me opium. Liquid. To calm me down and... then I thought, 'Okay, so that's what I need'. Not mom's medicine. That. Because all of a sudden, it was as if everything had become simpler. The noise, the voices in my head, everything

was gone. Everything. Being in my head wasn't a problem anymore. Four years later, he passed away and the asthma attacks that were actually anxiety and panic attacks continued. But that's okay. I found a way to survive. I have you, guys. I have my psychiatrist. My medicine. Maybe it will kill me and stuff, but, you know..."

Stan kissed Eddie's hand in support then got up and went to see the mess with Bev.

"Hey ! Don't say that !" yelled Bill slowly to Eddie before giving him a pat on his head.

"Touch me again in that ugly mustard buffalo shirt and I'll kill you, Big Bill." Eddie laughed.

The three friends focused on the story of Bev and Bowers. Then Eddie stood up to give his best friends more privacy. Bowers had stormed into Stan's apartment in the kitchen to get drunk. Blur's [Girls and Boys](#) was in full swing throughout the house and the first thing Bowers did was not to drink, but to sweep a few bottles here and there with the back of his arm. Eddie and Stan followed Bowers wanting to throw him out of the party and Beverly Marsh had left the pool to annoy Mike and Bill that she had dragged inside after getting dressed.

"Get out of the kitchen !" screamed Bowers scaring everyone. "Get the fuck out."

The people around him backed back carefully to avoid getting a piece of glass, while watching Bowers lose it. Richie dug himself into a corner of the kitchen staring at Bowers totally destabilized by his behavior. Eddie, Stan, Mike, Bill and Bev entered the crowd.

"What's your fucking problem ?" he said looking at Richie.

Richie looked at the sides and then looked at Bowers, he didn't know what to say.

"Why are you here ?" he says, moving forward and sticking to him. "Huh ? You can't speak ? Aren't you Trashmouth Tozier for nothing ?"

At the Trashmouth name agreement, Eddie's attention got bigger.

Shit, what is Richie doing here ?

"Can I know who invited you ? You don't even have any friends here anymore. Everyone forgot you."

"Listen, uh. I don't want any trouble, I just want to spend a chill night in my corner." Richie said, looking him in the eye.

He didn't even blink.

"People like you are not here to stay in their corners. You are a problem here, you see, nobody answers. Nobody!" he shouted at Richie.

Richie grabbed the first kitchen knife and pointed it at Bowers, who backed away.

"You think you scare me ? You think you scare me, Bowers ? You know what we do to sons of cops like you in California ?" yelled Richie in turn as he moved towards Bowers. "Back the fuck up !"

"I was fucking kidding. I was fucking kidding !"

"I'm not afraid of you, Bowers."

"W-put the knife down, okay ? Put it down ! I was laughing."

"You want to hurt me ? You have no idea who I am." Richie yelled when he put the knife down.

At the same time he cut his hand without intentionally doing with one of the glass pieces of broken bottles. The spectators cried out in complete shock at this spectacle.

"You see. I absolutely don't feel pain."

"Are you fucking crazy or something, Loser !" added Bowers.

Bowers stood in his trembling corner, everyone watching the scene between confusion, admiration, shock and total chaos.

"No, I'm Richie Tozier. And it's good to be home. Great party tho,

Stan the man !" he said while smiling before leaving the room.

Oh yeah... fuck me.

Eddie quietly left his friends after that.

Ben came back down the stairs and saw Richie leave the party in fury.

"What did I miss ?" Ben asked Mike.

"Where were you, man? You missed the craziest thing ever !" Mike asked Ben.

"I took care of my business."

Mike stares at Ben not fully understanding what Ben meant.

"I've lost my virginity."

"What ? With whom ?" asked Mike.

"Anna Addams."

"Wow. *The Anna Addams* ?" he said with a smile. Ben confirmed by nodding his head, then Mike took him in his arms. "Well ! Congratulations ! How was it ?"

"You should ask her."

Mike laughed and joined Stan in the kitchen. Stan gave Bowers a broom, cleaning supplies and a shovel.

"Clean up, or I'm going to get Richie." Stan said with a black look and a cold, stern voice.

Bowers took them and resigned himself. He glanced at Mike, Mike supported him, and Bowers resigned himself.

"I will stay in case you botch the job. Oh, after that, you and your friends will leave the party. Thank you." added Stan who was joined by Patricia, his girlfriend.

Eddie came out of the Uris house looking for Richie Tozier. He found him quite quickly getting his bike back.

"Hm... is everything all right?" Eddie asked while watching Richie.

Oh my God.

"Uh, yeah, it's good, don't worry, mate... Eddie Spaghetti ?"

Richie smiled and blinked several times before moistening his lips. His smile came back, but this time in a corner one. He watched Eddie attentively, capturing every detail of his face. His hair was slightly unscrewed, his mascara had dripped a little and mixed with the glitter on his eyes. His pink lips, his freckles, his smile. Richie hugged him.

Wow. I think I'm getting hard.

"Yes yes, it's m... Hey, don't call me that !"

"It just smelled like trouble in here... You look good."

Eddie opened his eyes and began to blush slightly.

"Thank you, you're not bad either... Yes ! Yes, I understand your action. It's just what you did... It was *deadly classy*."

The two stared at each other for a moment. Richie noticed the necklace on Eddie's red balloon pendant.

"You still have it ! That's so cool."

"Oh the necklace ? Yes ! I'm not leaving it. You too, from what I see. You... you're going somewhere ?"

"At my place." Richie replied.

"I.. Can I come ?"

"Yeah, of course ! But your mother ?" Richie asked.

"Fuck my mom."

Yeah, fuck my mom. I found back the only boy I've ever loved in my entire life, looking like a fucking greek god and I still have to think about my mom ? Not today, Ma, not today.

"How is she since the last time I fucked her ?"

The two took the road on Richie's bike. Bowie's [Heroes](#) passed on Eddie's little JBL bluetooth speaker. Then, Richie suggested him to put Eddy de Preto's [Fête de Trop](#). He was thrilled, clinging to Richie's waist and resting his head on his back. He had strangely waited for this moment all week. It may not have happened the way he hoped, but Eddie was appeased.

Once they entered the Tozier house, they both went up to Richie's room. Not much had changed compared to before, it was perhaps closer and more harmonious. Richie undressed and changed into pajamas, Eddie did his best not to look and Richie laughed at him. He gave her one of his sweaters that turned out to be too big for him, but anyway, he loved it and Richie loved seeing Eddie like that. He was just so...

"Cute. You're so cute, Eds !"

"Stop it, won't you ?!"

Eddie rushed to clean Richie's wound and apply a bandage with his first aid kit. Richie teased him by calling him Doctor K. and it was like Richie never left Derry. Richie had always been there somewhere and Eddie had seen him become a young man. Once the wound was cleaned and dressed. They took off their makeup and then the two men went face to face in Richie's bed. They didn't really need to talk to each other to say all the things they had on their hearts. They both laughed and Eddie snuggled in Richie's arms. Nothing has changed. They still liked sleeping together. They still loved each other.

Mike, Bill and Georgie went home to the Denbroughs, Georgie fell asleep in the car, but Bill took him to his room quietly and then brought Mike in, then in his room where for the first time they spent the night talking when they were only the two of them.

Bev had gone home in the early morning and managed to miraculously avoid her father. She took off her makeup and changed her clothes at Stan's after helping her clean everything up.

Ben had slept at Stan's with Anna and had also cleaned everything with Betty, Patricia, Myra and others who had planned a sleepover at his house.

Bowers didn't go home after cleaning up Stan's kitchen, he went to Hockstetter's to get drunk until the morning. Humiliated, uprooted, and completely high. He was severely taken back by his father and mother but especially by his father and went to his bedroom having already found his future victim for the year.

The next day, Richie and Eddie woke up early. Richie stopped by to brush his teeth and wash himself because Eddie forced him to do it and then Eddie did the same. Once back in Richie's room, Eddie stared at him as he sat on his bed.

"I have an idea." he said softly.

"What?" Richie asked while stroking his hair softly.

"Wanna get high?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Wow, goosebumps! I loved studying the Euphoria pilot to write this first chapter.

Of course, if you've seen the show, you notice that it deviates and it's normal. I want to create an original story.

For music, I picked from the official Spotify It playlists that the actors created for their characters

and I also added ideas to myself

In any case, I hope that this chapter pleased you. Do not hesitate to tell me everything you have thought of in comment, I want to know everything!

2. Thrill and Entertainment.

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, I know I was super fast. But inspiration is out of control and I didn't plan on having the rest of the story so fast. Yet here we are, together, ready to read this new chapter?

PS: don't forget to listen to the songs mentioned in the chapters at the same time as you read for a better experience!!

I don't know why, but I think being high gives me a third eye. Because, as I predicted, Stanley's party completely changed the game.

Chapter 2

Thrill and Entertainment.

Since he was little, Henry had been confronted with to ultraviolence. His father was impulsive, and according to his mother, Henry modeled this trait of character. And not in the best of ways. The first time he ransacked his father's office, he was 10 years old. He knew very well that it was

forbidden and he knew very well that violating an adult's privacy was some serious shit. However, despite the huge slap his father gave him, he started again and again. Why ? For the thrill and entertainment.

He had always dreamed of having his gang, of being the leader just to do as in Clockwork Orange, his favorite movie. Dominate. Intimidate. That was what he was interested in in human relations, simply because that was what he had always known. He was the last of three siblings and to exist under the roof of Butch and Mona Bowers, one had to be the strongest. It was always based on wanting to crush the weakest and not the right to be a sissy. So, his brothers forbade him to listen to his favorite song, Hide and Seek by Imogen Heap.

Jason Bowers gave a slap on Henry's head that did not shed any tears, yet his eyes were full.

"Oh... look at him, Lee! Henry's gonna cry."

Jason Bowers gave a slap in Henry's head that did not shed any tears, yet his eyes were well filled.

"Cry!" yelled Lee, leaning over his little brother.

Henry lowered his head and looked at his feet. A tear flowed down his cheek but he closed his fist very hard.

"What ? We're not enough of your tea..."

The fist of Henry Bowers struck Jason's jaw with such power that he fell to the ground and hit his skull violently.

"What the hell... did you do?" Lee panicked when he looked at his twin on the floor.

Henry stared at Lee, Lee looked at Henry, then looked down before trying to wake up his brother. Henry turned his heels leaving his brothers to return to their house.

From that day on, Bowers understood. It wasn't just about dominating or intimidating. It was also about hating. And Henry Bowers hated the world. It didn't explain why he became a fucking abusive masculinist. But it explained why he didn't think he owed anyone an explanation. Soon he began to steal his father's weapons and to practice shooting animals. But when his father found out, Butch trained to shoot him. Henry finally found something on Earth that frightened him. And he didn't like to be afraid, because it showed everyone that all that muscle and anger was just a shell.

He had never been afraid of anyone else in his life. Butch was his final boss and despite all the hatred he felt for him, he hoped that one day he would really notice him. Because he saw him notice others but not him. He also saw him noticing other women than his mother and, above all, he saw him noticing these men. He discovered early on that his father was cheating on his mother with other people. It wasn't really a shock, he didn't like his mother. Mona was lax, uninteresting, docile and didn't really take care of her. It wasn't a great loss, he thought.

Daddy Classic Issues. Anyway, everything is relative, you'll say. Henry was sure at least not to want to marry a woman who looked like his mother. He knew exactly what he was looking for in a woman.

"...And hairless. Tall. Long neck. Beautiful. Not submissive. Interesting. Feminine but not stupid. Cool."

"You know you just described Beverly Marsh?" Hockstetter asked while eating his fries.

"Stop talking shit," Bowers said, pushing him.

"I'm serious, Bowers, Marsh is the only girl who fits your long list of criteria."

"She's one of the losers! She hangs out with these assholes."

Henry nevertheless took the time to consider Hockstetter's words and

asked Beverly to go out with him. This one almost choked on the spot.

He'd been spreading the worst horrors about her, building her that slutty bad reputation for years that she finally freely embraced. And now he realized he was just... jealous? Envious? Yeah, of her freedom of being. He clearly couldn't get a girl like Beverly. Yet, she accepted to date him and then, she threw him away like a shit, as he deserved. Since then, it was no longer about hating, intimidating or dominating. It was also about killing. Despite having Patrick Hockstetter, Greta Keene on his side and sometimes even Penny Wise, Henry Bowers was no longer the untouchable son of Butch Bowers. Nor was he Bowers, whose name was mentioned with dread. He was just a clown, and now in Derry, we don't have time for some fucking clowns. Henry Bowers was afraid, afraid to lose what he had built. And since Stanley's Party, Bowers had a new a new fear named Richie Tozier. Something new was born in him, something that had already existed for too long but on which he had never been able to put a word, it was that ultraviolence.

He knew that if he wanted to regain control over Derry's other teens, he had to kill what had taken his place first. Kill Tozier.

Bowers knew himself to be an angry and hateful bully, he did not see any events in his life that explained this. For him, he was just like that, that was who he was and always will be. Since he knew that he should always hide his fear.

A 17-year-old Eddie Kaspbrak was standing in front of his bathroom mirror, staring at himself. He observed every detail of his outfit, the shirt with pastel yellow and navy blues stripes a little too big for him, the silver necklace with a small red balloon that blended with the other necklaces he wore on his neck, his shorts pale blue jeans washed that went down to his knees and his white converses. He ran

a hand through his hair, put on his old black adidas beanie and opened the medicine cabinet before catching his mother's Xanax's prescription flask in front of him. He took out a pill and swallowed it straight away, then put on his sunglasses and looked at himself again in the mirror.

"Happy birthday, handsome."

He walked out of the room, walked into the kitchen where his bag and fanny pack were waiting for him and Bill was shopping in Mrs. Kaspbrak's cupboards. He took his belongings and his friend and then headed for the exit.

"See you later, Ma." he shouted, grabbing his phone and inhaler on the pedestal table near his mother.

"Eddie-bear, you didn't give me my usual kiss." cried his mother, turning away from the morning news.

"We're late and you'll be fine. Plus I already had my birthday's kiss this morning, Ma. Don't worry and thank you for the great birthday breakfast." he says as he walks through the front door.

"I love you, my darling. Don't forget to take your medicine, don't walk too fast your anemia might make you feel sick! Have a good day both of you !" she said, almost on the verge of tears.

"See you again, Mrs K-Kaspbrak, have a b-b-good day," Bill added following Eddie.

Once the two teenagers were on their way to Bill's car, Bill started staring at Eddie.

"W-w-why are you wearing sunglasses?"

"Why not?" replied Eddie with a grin on his lips.

"It's 9:30, you can't be s-st-tone. Eddie, pr-pr promise me you're not."

Bill stared at Eddie with intense eyes and Eddie took off his glasses before looking at his friend.

"I'm fine. I'm fine with you."

Okay. I lied. Maybe I'm a little high, but nothing bad. I'm fine. I know you probably hate me right now. I understand that. If I could be different and do things differently, I would. Like being addicted to Tumblr or Twitter, I will, but this is the first day of my senior year of high school before I graduate and go to Columbia Uni as I planned. And, it's my birthday. I could clearly not stand without at least being high a bit.

"What d-do you want to l-listen to so you can s-start the day on the right foot?" Bill asked Eddie, once he was in his car.

"Happy Birthday!!!!!" shouted Georgie from the back seat.

"Christ ! Georgie ! Thank you, that's sweet. And Alexa play It's Like That by Mariah Carey." he says turing back to Bill, putting his glasses back on.

Bill laughed a little and put the song that was heard all over the car.

The three friends drive to school. They laughed, sang the songs Georgie put on and talked about anything and everything. It had been three days since Stan's party had been held. This famous night where Georgie had played for the public humiliation of Bowers. Eddie laughed at that sentence, he saw the Denbroughs as his brothers, and since the overdose, their bonds had become even tighter.

Once they got to high school, Bill left Eddie to accompany Georgie to who it was really the first day of high school. Eddie sighed as he watched Bill walk away with his brother, he got out his inhaler and took a puff. He advanced among the students by renting his bag firmly.

And among all this crowd, I saw only his dark curls. He was sitting on a table and surrounded by people and the Losers and Bill. Bill who had returned super quickly. He pointed me to the rest of the gang and suddenly everything seemed to go in slow mo. Richie looked up at me, grinning and directly my brain had a fucking flashback of Sunday.

"I have an idea." he said softly.

"What?" Richie asked, stroking his hair softly.

"Wanna get high?" Eddie asked, rummaging through his fanny pack and taking out of it two pills in a small zipped plastic bag.

"Where did you get that? I think that you just got out of rehab, man." Richie replied by putting his glasses on his nose.

"Yes or no, Richie?"

"You know what it is ?"

"I guess we'll figure it out together!" Eddie replied by putting the pills in his hand.

"I should be concerned. Why I am not concerned? You're the one who's supposed to be concerned about this like that and I'm the one who's supposed to be doing shit, Eds. You can't turn the tables on your own!" Richie said all amused, which made Eddie smile.

A few minutes later, the shutters of Richie's room were closed, a red light filled the room and the two men sat face to face on the bed. Eddie's face was made of a beautiful contouring and tears of glitter flowed from his eyes. He laughed stupidly and stroked Richie's hands. Richie wore a smoky eye makeup and lipstick of a blood color.

"You're so beautiful..... That I would kiss you if I felt my limbs." Eddie continued laughing.

"Why don't you do it? Kiss me."

"I can't do it without music."

Eddie picked up his cell phone, knew exactly what song he wanted and Sixpence The None Richer's Kiss Me started to play. Richie kept repeating Eddie's name as their mouths grew closer and finally touched each other in a tender kiss. They kissed each other during what seemed like an eternity and finally Richie cut the kiss.

"Does it work for you ?" asked Eddie.

Richie grins.

"Can you feel something ?" Richie asked.

"I feel everything." said Eddie before closing his eyes. "And I'm so happy."

Really ? I know I'm not supposed to say this, but drugs are kinda cool... well, "cool". Everything is relative.

Georgie Denbrough was crying in Bill's arms watching the doctors take over Eddie.

"We called your parents. We will stay with you until your parents arrive and Mrs Kaspbrak returns.

"Cool" until it ruins your teeth, your organs. Your life. Break your friends.

Sonia Kaspbrak cried in tears, repeating "Why Eddie ? Why Lord ? Why him ?" in the truck that was transporting him to the hospital.

Or break your family. That's when it's not "cool" anymore. The "cool" moment lasts a very little time. Once past the moment, it's just..

"Happy Birthday !" said the Losers at the same time.

....Embarrassing.

Eddie smiles and Beverly hugs him before the boys also join to the hug. Shit. Too much healthy love. Eddie wasn't used to it.

"Thank you guys, you reassure me." Eddie answered by passing his hand through his hair.

"Don't stress out. We have classes together so everything will be fine. Don't worry, school won't bite you." Started Stan while moving forward.

I forgot how good he was at being an emotional support. 0/20.

The rest of the gang followed him. First Ben and Bev in the middle of a discussion and then Mike who was holding Bill by the shoulders while walking just behind him. Richie held out his hand to Eddie as he looked at him, and he was wearing specs with a fine frame in

aluminum, but with big lenses, which sharpened his face. Eddie was still staring at him, too amazed to see him here.

"So ?" he asked with a grin.

The smallest swallow lightly before taking his hand gently. Richie laughed and shook his hand tightly, which made Eddie squeal of pain before moving on.

"Do you squeak like that too in bed, Spaghetti head ?" Richie mocked, which made Kaspbrak blush before he smacked him in the shoulder.

Stanley was right, school didn't bite me but it swallowed me all. Not just me. But everyone who had been to Stan's party.

"You know what happened at the Stanley Uris party ?"

It was lit rally in every mouth.

"Oh my God Dana ! You missed the best party of the year, Stan Uris, one of the seniors."

"Did you see Penny Wise's tweets about the Stanley Uris party ? She said it was a blast and there's been a lot of trouble and that a lot of secrets who's been floating around this summer have been exposed."

Everywhere.

"Yeah, I was at the Stanley Uris party."

"My insta story of Stan's party ? Ohhhhhhhh man. You don't know ! It was crazy and you don't know what ? That fucking Richie Tozier is back !"

"... the party of Stan..."

"Can we still call The Losers "losers"?"

"I thought Richie Tozier became an actor ? Oh, he is. So why he back in this shithole ?"

At each between classes.

"Yeah, I'd totally fuck Richie Tozier and Ben Hanscom !"

"Anna Addams said that Hanscom gave him the best cunnilingus of her life, you know Anna, she never lie."

During the whole week.

"Bill Denbrough is dating Mike Hanlon ? Swear ? Shit ! I'm not the only one shipping them, am I ?"

"I heard that Beverly Marsh and Audra Phillips made out.... You too ? So it's true ?"

"But it's Eddie Kaspbrak !"

"Eddie ? I saw him snorting a rail of coke in the bathroom with Will !"

Pause. You can say what you want about me, but I absolutely don't want to be a rumor subject. That would mean being popular and becoming popular. I don't want to. Why don't I be popular ? 'Cause I'm Eddie Kaspbrak. Eddie Kaspbrak, the brown wavy-haired boy from English class. The one who sleeps in physics, science and math classes but knows all the answers by heart. I'm not...

"I win. Clearly. I'm the most talked about." Richie smiled. " I am a star and I still confirm my status with this evening in which I have a past very exactly 10 minutes max."

Richie showed him the bandage on his hand that he had made. And Eddie laughed.

"Yes, but I mean everybody knows... that's it. I don't want to. I get tired of having to deal with these questions over and over and over again. I'm doing great !" said Eddie talking so fast.

Richie took his hand and carried it to his lips, feeling that he was slightly panicking.

"Look at me. You're not a freak. You're Eddie Spaghetti, my best friend who became a fucking hottie. So fuck them ?"

"Fuck them, fuck them."

"I still win." added the dark curly-haired one by kissing his hair.

Richie pulled Eddie down the halls, laughing loudly as usual.

"Wait, are you alive ?" asked a student, addressing Eddie.

Richie gave him a finger as he continued to move forward, which made Eddie laugh. The two crossed right after Bev, Bill and Betty and gave them a quick hello while taking different paths.

"They are .. they are together ?" Betty asked, watching them. "It's always weird to see Eddie, it's like seeing a ghost."

"Shut up, Betty, Eddie did not ask for anything." Bill answered without stuttering.

He winked at one of the players on the football team.

"Are you cheating on Mike ?" Betty asked.

"N-no, Ethan is my friend, Betty !"

"That's why I'm asking Big Bill. And you did not answer me for Reddie!"

"Reddie ? Cute pairing name ! They're not together, they're just like that. Ever since." replied Beverly completely exasperated by her friend.

"Oh yes, put it in that way, it's true...and is it true for Audra ?"

"Betty ! You were in the pool with me ! Did I kiss Audra ? I'll never do that to you, Bill."

"Too bad, that would have been fun. We would have bo-both kissed the same p-person, like Ashton Kutcher, Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis." Bill threw out to tease her.

"Okay, I kissed her."

"Kissed who ?" asked Ben while getting into the conversation.

"Audra." said Betty and Bill at the same time.

"Oh. That's nice."

"Ben, you know you're different. Besides, is everything good for Eddie's party tomorrow?" asked Bev.

"He's g-gonna hate us." Bill whispered, watching Bill and Bev.

"Glad I'm not in your Losers gang, club, whatever." Betty replied.

Yeah, you can, Betty Ripsom. But I'd still kill you for not telling me.

At the end of the day, I had my weekly Friday night meeting with anonymous drug addicts in a church not far from my rehab center. I'd gotten used to going there, mostly because my mom was really watching me for everything post-rehab. But because I felt like it gave some kind of meaning to my life. The only thing I had forbidden myself to continue was to speak in public.

"My name is Paul and I'm a stoner. Actually, stoner is too sweet. I was a crack addict but I was also a general practitioner so... I told myself that as long as it didn't taint my professional life, I could fuck my health as much as I wanted. I was wrong. I have a family, a beautiful wife, Karen, and I have a daughter. Today she lives in Japan and she's doing well. She takes care of herself and when she can, she take care of me. Except she shouldn't. I'm ashamed because she made me realize I shouldn't do that myself."

Wow, what a story. The first time I took a medicine that was not mine, I had just turned 13 and my father had his home hospital room. I don't know exactly what I took. All I can remember is that it was strong enough to make me forget the sadness that had invaded me when Dad fell a bit asleep next to me as we watched My Fair Lady. He wore one of his

favorite bowling shirts and his fetish black adidas beanie, the one that kept him warm and that Ma hated. He was handsome even with his tired features. I took care of my father after school because my mother had taken a second job as an assistant at the Derry News offices to pay for my dad's medical expenses and mine. It paid off really well and it allowed her not to mope in the food to escape the sorrows.

"What does that do to you ?"

"Ah, that's awful. You wouldn't like it."

"That's worse than the first shot of Fentanyl ?"

"Honey, it's the same. It's Oxycodone."

Oh, now I do remember. The nurse would come in every other day to take care of Dad, and when I didn't ask her ten thousand questions about being a nurse and the medical world, she would provide lots of meds, lots of meds. He couldn't know that I had just swallowed one of his pills. He couldn't see that I was high.

"I'm so happy to be with you, Daddy."

"Me too, Eddie, me too."

Argh, too many sad memories. Can we go back to the present moment for pity ?

Eddie crossed the room with a half-filled sheet and presented it to the man in front of him.

"I need you to do me a favor, Keith. You see the empty box there. I need you to sign it and put on your pretty blue stamp, please."

"But you weren't there, I'm not allowed to do that. It's not legally legal."

Eddie raised an eyebrow and leaned towards Keith with a little flirty smile.

"Not even if... I give you a blowjob ?"

"Oh."

Eddie grins.

"We can do this behind the Church..."

"I'm 17 and we're in a fucking sacred place, pedophile. Now sign."

Keith resigned himself to Eddie's murderous gaze and Eddie whispered a little "thank you" to Keith before leaving. He still fell for it.

What ? I know I said I was going to all my meetings, and that's right, I am. I just missed that one because Stan's party was on the next day. Okay, I missed two more because I took stamps. Don't look at me like that.

When Eddie came home, he gave the leaf to his mother with a big smile.

"So... does that mean I can sleep at Bill's tomorrow night ?"

"Eddie-darling.. I."

"But Mom! My attendance sheet is filled and look at my test is negative."

I swear on Blur's lead singer's head that I didn't go to Stan's house to get his piss for the test. It's fucking mine, okay. Maybe I should stop watching Gilmore Girls, for those who don't have the reference.

Sonia Kaspbrak fixed her son then the test which was actually negative, then the sheet, then Eddie.

"All right, fine, Eddie-bear, but be careful. You know very well that with your a..."

"Anemia, sleepovers are dangerous. I know." he said approaching his mother to kiss her forehead. "Thank you, Ma."

Eddie slipped into his room dancing oddly, which made his mother smile.

"I love you Eddie." she shouted loud enough to be heard.

"I know." Eddie shouted back.

Stan was eating peacefully with his parents when his phone rang.

"No phone while we eat, Stanley!" sighed his father.

"It's in my pocket, Dad."

"It's still here."

"Donald... leave him alone. He's not 13 anymore," Andrea said in defending him.

"Well, sometimes I wish he still had them."

Andrea Uris and Stan rolled their eyes at exactly the same time.

At least we know where Stanley gets his habit and his life-worn look.

Andrea turned to her son and smiled.

"So, kitten, when is Patricia coming home to eat?" she asked while untangling his curls that fell on her forehead.

"I don't like her. This Patricia Blum is.... meh and her name "Patricia", what parent calls her child that?" complained Donald while eating.

Stan's phone started ringing again.

"Well, I think when you have the same name as Donald Trump, you have to shut up." Stan simply said. " Now, if you'll excuse me."

He got up and walked out of the table with his plate and his cutlery.

"Stan! Come back here, young man!" shouted Donald, red of surprise.

Andrea could not help but laugh at Stanley's remark.

"And you encourage him? Like mother, like son."

Stanley rushed up from his room, locked the door and threw himself into his king size bed. He smiled when he saw Patricia and the Losers on his new wallpaper and then frowned at the messages he just received in his twitter group chat with Mike and Richie. He opened his phone and traced the conversation by reading the messages and laughing.

[image]



we the best losers 🔥

trashmouth



trashmouth

Imao dickheads !!!!! look
what i found in my
computer !!!!!



trashmouth

yet, puberty fucked bill so
deep tho



iMessage





we the best losers 🔥



and now it's me who makes it bro



hefzhzbzhjff lmao i hope so bro

mike



we should plan a little concert someday



yeah af !!! lads let's do a gig !!! i want to sing some britpop

mike



for eddie ?

trashmouth

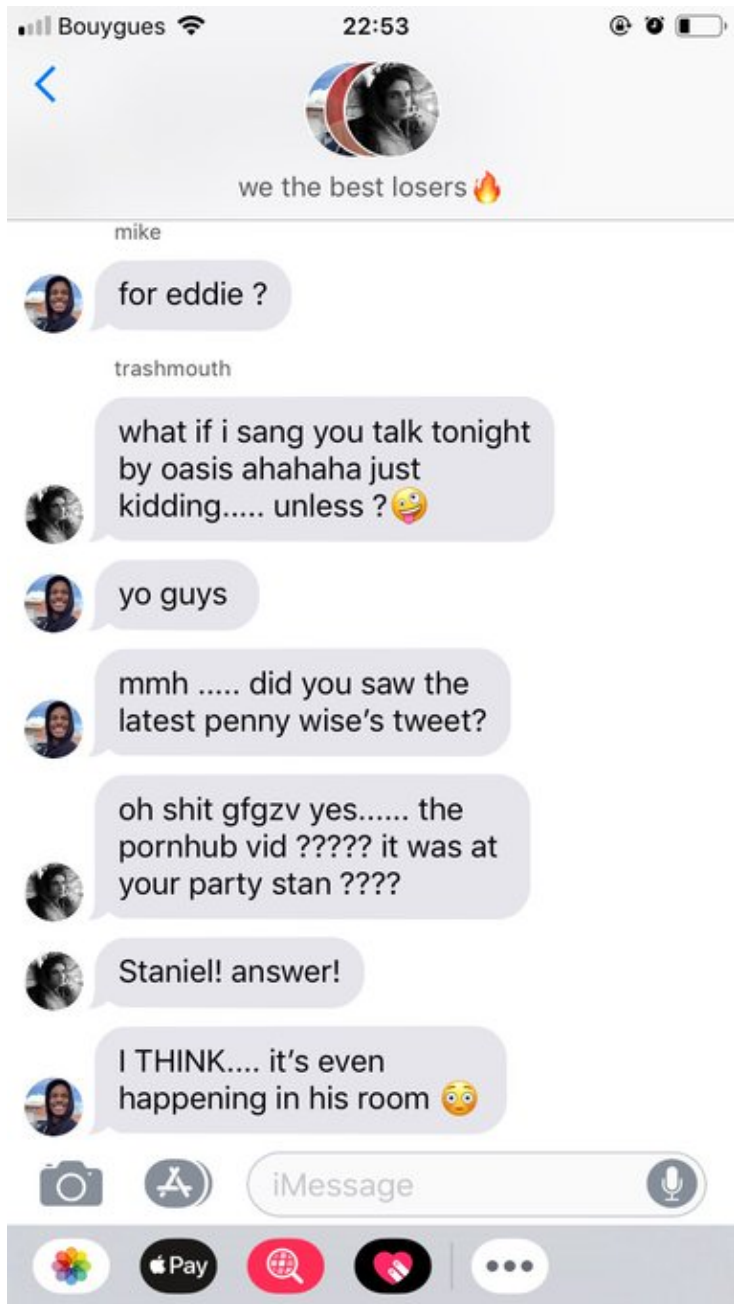


what if i sang you talk tonight by oasis ahahaha just kidding..... unless ? 🤔



iMessage





It was definitely in his room that it was happening.



we the best losers 🔥

trashmouth



impossible !!!!!!! our little bird
would make a syncope,
wouldn't you stan ?

yo wtf guys ??????? Why
everyone is mentioning me under
penny's tweet ?

WHAT THE FUCK ??????? You
know who's on the video ???



Nope



but penny says it's our ben.
ben who likes poetry and
cute stuff..... fucking anna
addams in this vid

Wait ... Anna did that kind of
moans into my bed ?!



iMessage





we the best losers 🔥



💀💀💀 si señor¡! que calor¡! 🥵🥵🥵



Delivered



iMessage





Yup, Ben knew and watched his dms twitter totally horrified. Is it really a sex tape if we don't see your face and your bodies are hidden by a door

because we're filming your moans from the outside? I don't have the answer to that at all. But Ben felt bad for Anna at first before feeling bad for him.

Ben shut down his computer and lay in bed listening to Boys Don't Cry. He sighed and looked at his phone, 3 missed calls, 1 message from Bill, 67 twitters mentions, a few dms on Instagram. But he focused on his wallpaper, Beverly crushing Richie with all her weight with Eddie whining in the background when they were 13. Ben had taken this picture and he was a fan of it, Beverly being sublime on it. He fell asleep answering Bill's messages.

Beverly was his medicine.

Just like Richie was mine. Saturday afternoon. He picked me up at home wearing a Harrington bomber, a black GunsN'Roses tshirt, black converses and dark jeans with rolled-up hems that left his red socks with Scottish patterns visible. He had bun-tied his hair and some of his locks fell off, he had put on his contact lenses. He was gorgeous. My mother opened the door, a surprise, she did not expect to see again...

"Richard. What a surprise, what are you doing to Derry boy?"

Her tone was suspicious and so was her look.

Mom didn't really like Richie, or Beverly, or Mike, or Ben, but Stan, it was good. Because against it, she thought Greta Keene was a good little girl and only for that... Electric chair!

"I do live here. With my father. We moved in a few weeks ago." said Richie, smiling. "Is Eddie there?"

"Yes! Yes! Wait two secs Rich, I'm coming! Ma! Where did you put

the insulin?"

"I'm coming Eddie-bear! Richard seems like Hollywood suits you better than Derry."

My mother gave me the grail and looked at me attentively.

"You like him, don't you?"

"Mom, he's my best friend." Eddie sighed.

"Eddie-bear... I know you like him.... I just want you to be careful, okay?"

Wow. So this is for a surprise.

There was a smile on Eddie's face.

"I will, Ma." He whispered softly before taking her in his arms.
"Thank you."

He got away from her and smiled at her. She also smiled at him before watching him join Richie who was smoking a cigarette in the meantime.

"You should stop smoking that. Beverly too. It's really bad for your health." Eddie said as he approached Richie.

"I think I'm addicted to it, unfortunately, Doctor K."

Eddie grinned before taking his cigarette to crush it on his heel and throw it in the nearest garbage can.

"I love it when you take care of my health, it's so sexy. Do you wanna touch? Like Joan Jett's song, I'm all hard." said he took Eddie's hand and put it on his crotch.

"I hate you, Richie Tozier."

"That's not true. It's not what your mother tells me when I fuc..."

Eddie put his hand on the mouth of the tallest man with a murderous look.

"Beep-beep Richie."

Richie grabbed his hand and gave him a hand kiss before letting go and taking his bike to leave.

This is a love story.

"Come on, then !" shouted Richie.

Maybe I should stop binge watching Fleabag every five days.

Eddie did the same and followed him on his bike while Richie encouraged him to go faster.

For those who still wouldn't have the reference, Amazon Prime and Tumblr exist.

Eddie and Richie first arrived at Bill's house where Eddie dropped off his stuff. He greeted Sharon Denbrough who was already in good shape with a glass of red wine in her hand.

"Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!" she said as she walked towards the young boy before kissing his forehead.

Sharon Denbrough was a gorgeous woman, a former model who looked like Christy Turlington with Caroline de Maigret's style. She was a bit of Losers' second mom and she was crazy about her two sons. She could literally kill someone for them.

"Ohhhhhhhh, Richiiiiie! I thought you were drowning under some contracts in Hollywood!"

"Not really, no." Richie said, letting himself be entwined by Bill's mother.

"You see, one more proof that you do not listen to us!" Georgie gasped as he passed from room to room. "Hi Reddie!"

Eddie and Richie looked at each other and then looked at Georgie, who smiled like a ghost.

"Don't pay attention at h-him, he j-just needs to be cajoled a l-little

bit right now," Bill replied by going down with Mike.

"Two for one! I love this house!" Richie told Eddie.

"Not today. I've got plans !" said Mike before kissing his boyfriend.

"Other than staying with my son? That's new!"

Sharon was right. They were always together. Almost. If Mike wasn't at the farm, he was at Bill's and vice versa. Mike and Bill were a couple in total symbiosis, it was nice to see but a little scary sometimes, it was to wonder if they ever argued once.

"What is the meme who says let's go?" asked Bill looking at his two friends.

"That's let's go, lesbians." Richie said.

Bill came out of the house, Mike sighed of relief and Sharon came to give him a high five.

"I thought they were going to stay there forever." Sharon said as she drank her glass of wine.

"That's because you talk too much, Mom." Georgie said.

"But I didn't arouse suspicion, did I?"

Mike and Georgie nodded negatively.

"Perfect! We have a party to prepare. Mike, you won't forget the bottles of French rosé in the cellar."

"Mrs Denbrough... we're not old enough to drink."

"I know that in a few hours this house will be filled with alcohol, I was young too, Mike. I want Eddie to have the best birthday party of his life. Just watch out for Georgie, okay?"

"Deal." said Mike, shaking Sharon's hand.

The three took their bikes and went in search of Beverly. It was already 5 pm and Eddie was getting hungry. Beverly was unavailable, as expected. Same for Ben and Stan was still with his family. So, they spent the day together at the movies, walking around Derry and talking until late at night.

It was almost 10 pm when Bill, Eddie and Richie arrived at the Denbroughs. Richie kept asking Bill embarrassing questions about his relationship with Mike and Eddie laughed. Once past the door, Richie covered Eddie's eyes with his big hands and Eddie tried to remove them somehow.

"Surprise." whispered Richie in Eddie's ear.

He gently removed his hands from Eddie's face and many of Derry High's students were in front of him.

"Surprise!" they all shouted at the same time.

Eddie had a moment of disconnection while looking at his friends, he stared at them totally disconcerted and his face displayed an indescribable expression. He looked up at the big banner, marked "Welcome back and Happy Birthday Eddie!"

Seeing his reaction, Betty leaned toward Bev.

"He won't start crying? Is he?" She asked quietly.

"I'm not gonna cry if that's what you're asking." Eddie said, holding his hands to his mouth. "You... did this for me?"

"Yes, idiot. Bev and Richie came up with the idea, the rest of the Losers had it all organized during the week and the info went from mouth to mouth because of somebody's bullshit." replied Stan, watching Betty hide her face behind her hands. "So, the little party at

7 became a real party."

I'm not a big fan of surprise parties, I'm not a fan of surprises, at all. But, it was really touching. Even Penny and Greta were there. Oh shit, that meant... I'm fucking popular ?

Eddie smiled and walked towards the rest of the group. He took the red cup that Anna handed him.

"Well, let the party begin," he said, raising the glass.

Very quickly, the house of Zack and Sharon Denbrough gave way to alcohol games, one could hear Birthday by Selena Gomez, Mi Gente Homecoming Live's version or Ta Fête by Stromae and other songs were filling the place. The bodies were moving. Eddie had blown out his candles and gifts had been distributed. Clothes, a personalized inhaler, a lot of makeup, vinyl and some tapes of scores of his favorite movies, a lot of money, plants, a polaroid 600 and a lot of hugs. He was clearly not used to receiving this much attention and it made him want to vomit and cry.

I'm sure you think our lives can be reduced to parties that are all crazier than the others, to great friends who would get the moon for one and the other with a high school that reminds you of the same teen movies cults. Yet, in itself, all high schools are nests of teen movies screenplays. Even in Derry. It didn't mean that the problems were never far away. They were just waiting for the right time to come down on you.

Beverly had fallen on a couch with Richie by his side who seemed to be staring at Eddie dancing on Beyoncé's All Night. His movements were sensual, slow, lascivious and he sang the song at the same time with the others who danced around him.

"Have you talked?" asked Beverly curious.

"Not yet;" Richie replied by giving him his cigarette, which he shared with his best friend.

"Richie..."

"I know."

"No, I do not think you realize, Eddie was a disaster when you left Derry. It took him almost a year to move on. He cried you every night, I spent sleepless nights comforting him. You can not pretend that you've never been gone.. For the now, he's adorable and great, because it's okay and it's like a dream to him to see you there, but will you be prepared to bear what will happen when this "euphoria" will pass?"

Richie glanced at Beverly, he knew they had to talk about it, but he had no idea how. His eyes then turned on Eddie. He was solar. He had always been. Richie thought that what happened between them before must have stay in the past. These lovely and comforting memories, those who constantly attacked him every time he closed his eyes or saw Eddie. Yet he forgot this idea a little more every time he saw Eddie and his pelvis movements, every time he smiled and laughed and every time their looks crossed.

He looked at Beverly again.

"I'm a selfish asshole and you know it." he says in a hoarse voice before he gets up.

Beverly watched him leave before getting up and looking at Ben in the distance. She smiled at him but he didn't do the same. She looked away slightly disgusted.

Richie walked towards the center of the room where everyone danced and passed behind Eddie. He grabbed him by the waist and glared at the boy dancing with him. The latter turned away from him and Richie then brought his body closer to that of Eddie who was more than receptive. The two danced together to the music in such an intimate way but also in harmony.

At that moment, time seemed to slow down. The warmth of the room, the warmth of the bodies, the noises, the voices, Beyoncé, Richie, everything was perfect. I could feel Richie's hands caressing my hips, belly, arms, neck, fingers. I definitely wanted more. I knew where I was going. But he just didn't have to go back to Derry.

Eddie faced Richie when Beyoncé's voice hinted "They say true love's the greatest weapon. To win the war caused by pain, pain.". He

arranged one of Richie's locks which fell before his eyes, Richie smiled at this gesture. The two looked each other in the eyes and once again, something was clearly happening. Richie whispered to Eddie a "you're really hot" and Eddie smiles as he lowers his head. Richie lifted Eddie's chin and took the opportunity to caress his cheek, then pass his fingers on his lips, always moving on the rhythm of the song.

Do it.

Richie slowly drew closer to Eddie by putting his hand on his neck. He would gently tighten his fingers on the side.

"All I wanna, ain't no other"

Please.

Eddie brought his face closer to Richie and stepped on his toes.

"We together, I remember"

Just this one time.

Richie's hand went up again to his jaw, then his ear. He could feel Eddie's breath on his skin. At the same time, their lips finally touched to exchange a kiss.

"Sweet love all night long"

The kiss was tender but needy. At the end of the song, their lips peeled off. Eddie opened his eyes, slowly. Richie's hands stopped fondling him, simply because Richie had disappeared. He looked around and everyone continued to laugh and dance. He saw everyone but not Richie, Richie was gone. He felt the tears rising, he cannot hold them back, it was too late. He cried in silence, there, at his own surprise party.

In conclusion, love and unspoken things, sucks.

The more time passed, the party turned into a nightmare. Bill tried to limit the damage at home with Stan's help. Mike had sheltered Georgie and locked himself in Bill's room to sell his merchandise to anyone who wanted it. Ben had avoided Anna and Beverly all night and avoided all questions about the video. Beverly found Richie smoking and crying outside and spends the rest of the night talking to him about everything and nothing. Eddie had left the party to walk home.

It was in this huge dissolution and chaos among the Denbroughs place that Bowers landed. He walked into Bill's as we entered a mill and the party stopped just as Penny Wise noticed him. Penny, as usual, tweeted every horrible thing that happened. She was like a sort of Regina George without being really it. She reigned by fear and when someone could serve her interests, she allied herself with them. She danced with people like we played Russian roulette. But for once, she did not know everything.

Bowers walked through Bill's house staring at every person in his path, and when he saw Greta Keene, he slapped her in front of everyone. Bill started to think this party was a really bad idea. He was just hoping Georgie would be all right because nothing was going so well. Something had changed since Stanley did his and he still couldn't tell if it was right or wrong. He was raving internally about Mike's absence. He looked everywhere for him and finally found him in his room counting his money.

"Are you kidding me ? Selling your dope right now ? In m-my room ?"

Mike stared at Bill, dropped everything off and got up.

"Bill, what's going on ?"

"Nothing's right... S-shit, Bowers is here, Mike."

Downstairs, everyone stared at Bowers in shock. Beverly came to

Greta's aid with Richie. Bowers looked at each of the students laughing.

"I've had better parties than this one, fucking losers. Derry is my territory. Not his." he said facing Richie. "Not yours." he said, looking at Beverly and Stan.

He punched Richie in the face. Richie said nothing, his nose was bleeding.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" screamed Stan out of his lungs.

Richie backed away looking at Bowers.

"Yeah, Tozier, I want to hurt you."

Bowers turned his back and all the guests of the party gave him a free hand. He walked out of Bill's house to his car. Once inside, he took a long drive to go back his home. His father was waiting for him.

"I don't what you went to look for in my office and I don't know what you find in my computer or in my phone. But, Henry, don't push me. I swear, don't." said Butch slowly with a cold look.

Bowers avoided him and went straight to his room. He shed a tear, he was angry, very angry. He took his computer. He put a disk in his drive and opened a file. Nudes. You couldn't really tell who it was, but it was a man, a young man. He smiled, pulled out his phone and opened Grindr, opened the last messages.

A photo was attached to a message, a bloody nose but one could clearly become a torso and perhaps even a penis, a large penis. Bowers smiled and turned his face away from his phone and played his favorite childhood song, Imogen Heap's Hide and Seek.

Yeah, I know what you're thinking. So.... I'm going to tell you the truth right now... Yeah, that's definitely Richie Tozier's huge dick on this pic and all the other ones. And with what Bowers had, he had the power to destroy his reputation, his career, his relationships, his life. To kill him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Glad to see things are still going so well in the world of Eddie Kaspbrak, what about you ?

I told you for this chapter, prepare yourself. Even myself when I wrote, I was like "yeah, that's fucked up man.....I like that.".

Even if the plot turns away from the show to be totally original, the Euphoria spirit is always there. And if you pay attention as you go, you can even find some scenes specific to the series (wink)!

I hope this chapter pleased you. Thank you for the kudos and I hope to see plenty of comments soon, your opinions and ideas really interest me. See you !

3. Protagonist

Notes for the Chapter:

Yo the fam, new chapter, new problems !

This chapter is not my favorite but it is close to my heart and leaves a little pinch, probably because it was very difficult to write.

Anyway, I'm not saying anything, no spoilers ahead !

P.S : As I was asked on Tumblr, here's my teenage Losers fancast !

→ Finn Cole as Bill, Timothée Chalamet as Richie, Sigrid Raabe as Beverly, Steve Lacy as Mike, Tyler Young as Eddie, Alex Lawter as Stan and Ansel Eglort as Ben.

(the og one is still working, of course, but it's better to have fresh older faces for the graphic content of this story)

Sometimes life puts us in front of choices. It's complicated, but we do it anyway. We choose.

Chapter 3

Protagonist.

When Ben Hanscom turned 10, he went on vacation to the Caribbean with

his parents. He was not really a fan of the sea or games with the other children around him but he had discovered something more interesting to focus on. The food.

The food was so divine that everything Benjamin had eaten before seemed bland and tasteless. He was already well in the flesh and it never bothered him or his girlfriend, Clara Harrods. Yes, like the shops. She was blonde, funny, popular and especially she didn't care about others. At the end of summer 2009, Ben was back and his sudden weight gain was quickly noticed. And even though Ben was old enough for his age, the shift to 200 pounds was violent for his metabolism. On the first day of school, at the fourth hour of school, Clara Harrods stopped caring.

Ben received a small piece of paper on his table. He opened it and read it, there was marked: "*I dump yOur ass fOr DamOn, lOve, Clara.*"

He turned to Clara, who did not pay any attention to him and saw Damon waving his hand to him before laughing. Ben was alone and tears began to flow discreetly from his eyes.

It wasn't even her handwriting.

When Ben Hanscom was 13, he moved to Derry. He had no friends, no people to discuss his passions with, no one to socialize with. Ben was alone. After all, Ben was nice, super smart, cultured, funny. But it wasn't enough. It was what he had been thinking all his life, that he would never be good enough, just because he was fat, because he wasn't a protagonist. He would never be. That's how he became familiar with Tumblr and Twitter. He began to write Tumblr and Twitter posts about horror and murder stories, some of his architectural drawings and a lot of dark academia poems of his own while listening to [Hungry Like A Wolf](#) or [Faith](#)

and eating crisps, and he quickly became viral. 57k of followers on Tumblr and a well-stocked Twitter acc. It contrasted quickly with his real life in Derry where he was just hoping to be invisible enough for the Bowers gang to leave him alone. That was never the case. He was the big one or the new one, egghead and the one who we took pleasure in hurting.

"I bet he's got no flu, he just don't want to do sports because he's fat."

The rest of the students laughed as Ben watched them with a murderous look. He raised his eyebrows and sighed when he saw the teacher go through this wave of harassment.

Nobody in real life knew he was really famous, not even us, his best friends. And no one on the Internet knew that his life was, like, super depressing, not even his mutuals. He regularly wanted to tell his followers how much he hated Derry, its shit people and high school and ask them to kill everyone right after the first morning bell. But not Beverly, not her. The worst thing is that they would do it, without knowing who he really is. Without knowing that @BenHandsome who they worship for his writings and his mind is actually just a mundane and ugly teenager. And then this video came out...

The quality of the video was not excellent, we could not clearly see who was on the video but we could clearly see that the young woman was having a good time. Ben and Anna were kissing passionately. Anna's groans became louder and louder, Ben gently stroked her curves and kissed her breasts. There was a tenderness but also something wild, new and very exciting.

"Mr Hanscom, Miss Addams, I have heard of a disturbing rumor concerning you..."

"Which one?" asked Anna looking at the principal.

"A video where you both appear in a sexual relationship. A video that would be shared by the students."

Ben raised an eyebrow.

"The one where the girl gets fucked from behind? It's not Anna and it's not me either." he replied calmly though a little annoyed.

"Just out of curiosity, Headmaster. Why did you summon us, why do you think it's us?" Anna added with a suspicious look.

"I want to clarify that.... Personally, I haven't seen it. The video."

"Why? Because the boy in the video is fat, Headmaster?" asked Ben with a serious look.

"What ? No. He's not fat, he's.... He's like you!"

Anna turned to Ben and raised her eyebrows before turning to Headmaster Higgins who sighed again.

"Look, I'm not trying to jump to conclusions."

"Really ? Because I would like people to stop jumping to conclusions and saying that it is me. Just because a guy on a blurry one-minute-and-a-half video is the same size as me and a girl looks like Anna doesn't mean it's us. It's something that students still mock my curves. I can understand that, they are idiots, young and formatted according to society's beauty standards. But you, our principal, falling into their trap of these false allegations is... degrading..."

Anna stared at Ben all the way, glancing at Headmaster Higgins, who seemed completely taken aback by Ben's speech. He was good at it.

"This is pure discrimination. It proves how much the logic of slutshaming and grossophobia are so entrenched in our country that even a guarantor of kindness as you can participate."

"I... I'm terribly sorry, I'd never be able to excuse that. But I give you my word, both of you, that I will condemn this kind of act in our institution."

"Thank you, Mr Higgins." they said at the same time.

Coming out of the room, Anna tried to catch Ben to talk to him but he spun as quickly as possible from the world.

Everyone has seen it. It was disturbing for him. But for the girls in his high school or his female subscribers, seeing Ben as vulnerable and dominant at the same time did not stop them from continuing to venerate him or be

interested in him. On the contrary. Not only, they did worship him more, but now he had become an object of fantasy. He had become fuckable. Ben Hanscom was hot as hell.

"Um... my name is Eddie and I'm a drug addict... and I've been clean for two months."

Applause fluttered around Eddie, he gave a shy smile and noticed a man studying him in the back of the room. Eddie lowered his head and changed direction when he met his eyes.

Yeah, he knew I was lying. Well, not totally. I was clean all this time, but I had a relapse. A violent relapse. In the evening after my birthday party.

Eddie had walked home, his eyes were red from the tears, his hair was wet from the rain that had fallen in the meantime. He entered his home and quietly went up to his room, knowing that his mother was deeply asleep at this time. He just wanted to find something. After about ten minutes of research, he found fentanyl. He sighed of relief, that was all he had left. The last drug. The meds would never have the effect that Fentanyl would do, he could get a little high with it, but right now he didn't just want to get a little high or cure his diseases. He wanted to feel something. Everything seemed empty to him and felt himself dying, he just wanted to be happy. So he took what he had.

After I took the Fentanyl that Mike's family suppliers tailed me when I ran into them the day I went to visit Mike at the Hanlon farm. I was completely gone for 21 hours. From 3 in the morning to 11 pm. And when I came back... My mom, Bill and Stan were looking at me and I thought I was definitely going to be killed tonight.

"Edward Kaspbrak. May I ask where you were?" asked Stan at the end of the nervous breakdown.

"Sorry, I..."

"You disappeared for 21 hours, Eddie! 21 hours!" shouted Bill, without stuttering.

He had clearly lost his cool with Eddie, who seemed to be no more shocked than that. Sonia, on the other hand, looked at Eddie without saying anything.

"Why didn't you answer our calls?" Stan asked in a more calm and clear voice as he watched Eddie who always seemed to not give a shit.

"I was at a friend's house..."

"A friend ? A ""friend"" ? Since when do you have friends we don't know ?" Bill asked ironically without stuttering once again.

"It's not important, Bill..." Eddie replied by massaging his temples.

"This is important to us ! You can't just disappear, Eddie, you're a drug addict !" Stan exclaimed in a calm tone, annoyed by Eddie's behavior.

Sonia stood up and faced Eddie, looking him straight in the eye.

"Eddie-honey, I will never allow you to sneak home at 11 pm and lie to my face, you know that. So please tell me the truth. Where have you been?"

"I told you. At a friend's house. Besides, I'm tired of having to tell you everything that's going on in my life. And to have friends who work for you by sneaking up on me. Bravo, by the way! I can really trust you, assholes," he said, turning to Bill and Stan and clapping. "If you want to give me a test, Ma, do it so we can get it over all of this bullshit."

Eddie peed, Bill and Stan watched over him so that he would use no tricks and Sonia waited outside the bathroom door.

The result was negative.

Sonia, Bill and Stan were defeated. Eddie asked if he could finally go to sleep and Sonia agreed. He smiled at them with a sorry look on his face, the kind Eddie always pulled out of the worst situations. Stan and Bill looked at Eddie carefully before they hugged him. He was not really receptive. Both greeted him and Bill whispered a "good luck" in his ear and Eddie went up to his room.

I didn't understand why the "good luck" until I opened the door and realized that those three weren't the only ones who were worried sick about me.

Richie was there, sitting on Eddie's bed. He had brought his presents and was staring at the wall, holding the Adidas beanie that Eddie usually never left. He turned to Eddie and his gaze seemed to illuminate. Eddie sighed, he was the last person he wanted to see here, who he wanted to worry or hurt or even make cry. Eddie took off his clothes and put on his pajamas, before getting into bed, ready to sleep. Richie came back under the duvet too, the two of them looked at each other without saying anything. They spoke a little, the tone rose a few times and then went back down quickly to return to a peaceful silence. Richie gently stroked Eddie's cheek, which closed its eyes to his contact. It almost hurt. He cleared his head and Richie stopped before getting up looking at Eddie.

"I'm warning you. I don't want to continue being the best friend of a guy who puts his fucking life in danger, like this, every day." He said softly but coldly.

Eddie's heart tightened, he said nothing.

"You have to stop Eddie. It's killing you. I don't want to lose you, I can't lose you again. I've already suffered enough in my life. You don't realize how complicated everything is."

He turned his back on him and continued to speak. Eddie listened to him without listening to him, all he heard was those voices in his head telling him that he was a burden to his loved ones. He was a drug addict after all, he was just that label now, not Eddie Kaspbrak. That everyone was right to see only drugs in him and not

the cool and extraordinary person he could be.

"... I will. I will stay clean, sober, everything. I promise." he said turning to Richie to stick to him.

Richie grabbed his hand so that his arm surrounded his waist and continued to talk to him. Eddie didn't say anything, but he felt broken inside as they talked. Around one o'clock, Eddie fell asleep first and Richie left Eddie's room to give him some space.

So, I decided to stay clean since this event. I had spent the next few weeks avoiding the Losers whether to go out, to high school, in our group chats or on social medias. I just needed to be alone or with people who really understood me. That's why I didn't miss a single meeting of narcotics anonymous anymore. And also because I had to keep going to meetings. I wanted to depress nobody, not be a problem anymore, just be quiet and watch everyone who was already talking about Halloween, take care of me, heal me and try to be clean. That was it, wasn't it?

"Three months ago, I woke up from a coma It was really shit. I understood it because, at my mother's head, I saw that this time I had really screwed up. Even though I didn't know what happened, I knew I really screwed up. I scared him... and, and my brother Bill, too. He's not really my brother, but... it's just like He is. he was there when i did my ... hm .. my overdose and ... I think it traumatized him, then my friends too .. Everyone thought I was dead, it made me learn something, I decided to change for them .. They deserve better, my loved ones, my friends deserve better and I deserve better too. It's hard to say that I deserve something else ... I really want to be able to ... do it alone. "

The meeting happened and Eddie had a small key ring to celebrate

this new stage. He smiled timidly and was receptive to the hug of Maria, a former heroin addict who was a bit like a mother figure here. He held her in his arms and closed his eyes. It was comforting.

I didn't know if I was really lying. Did a relapse as minimal as this break the cycle ? What I knew, though, was that I wasn't going in the right voice if I wasn't honest with myself. And Paul knew that, too.

"Eddie ?"

"Uh."

Paul watched him get his bike back so he could leave smoking a cigarette.

"Tell me when you overdosed ? Who saved you ?"

"Uh... Georgie, that's Bill's little brother."

"The one who's like your brother ?"

"Yeah, him... Bill was the one who looked out for me and called 911 too. So there were two of them."

"How old is he ?"

"13 years old."

"13 years, wow... I guess if you're that close to Bill to consider him your brother, so is Georgie. I wonder what it's like in someone so young's head. 13 years old and you see an overdose of a person you care about, someone you see as a role model. The damage that it will leave. I mean, later in his personal life. Having trouble connecting, bonding, because you realize overnight that people can just disappear. He'll have a hard time even in falling in love, he'll live in fear... have you ever thought of that ?"

Every word, every word, Eddie's eyes were filled with tears. It was true. Georgie's life would be one before and one after the summer of 2019 and Eddie's overdose. He felt guilty, he knew he couldn't really change that. It was too late.

"I... I don't really understand what you do you mean, Paul ? The correlation ?" he said shaking.

"The correlation, Eddie, is that you need to understand that your actions have consequences. You ruined his life forever and you're gonna have to make up with your remorse, just like you marked Georgie the wrong way. And like with the fact that you're gonna have to accept that you're always talking shit to everybody but that you're lying to yourself first. You leave scars, you leave tracks, so you can't lie to life. Coming in here and giving empty hopes that you've been clean for over a month with no relapses to people who have the same demons as you, who know what you're going through. Even right now when I'm talking to you... You're clearly high. Who do you think you're fooling, Eddie?"

Eddie's throat tightened, tears were already beginning to flow. Paul was right, he knew it, he had to accept the situation. Eddie was an addict. He could not believe that overnight, everything is fine, lying will not change anything. Neither the past nor the future but especially the present. He had to face it.

Paul walked over to Eddie and put his hand on his shoulder. He stared at Eddie, impassive, before smiling at him.

"You know the way to my house, you have my number, call me when you want, when you'll be ready to get better, for you."

He threw away his cigarette and in a movement he spun inside the church. Eddie barely had time to call him for the cigarette. He finally stepped forward to pick it up, put it out, throw it away, and go home.

Ben crossed the halls of the school, practically shaving the walls, trying to avoid as many eyes as possible. He felt the glances at him, the mockery and the comments of the boys, the laughter and the whispering of the girls and the fixations of the others. It had been weeks since the video had been posted, the whole high school had come to the conclusion that it was him and Anna and then moved on to something else. But not Ben.

Since Stan's evening, Ben had not really spoken to Anna. They said hello, smiled at each other and sometimes stalked each other on social medias. Anna followed Ben on his tumblr and liked all his Instagram posts without restraint. When he closed the door of his locker, she was right there. He jumped.

"What is ... Anna ?"

"Hi Ben, I'm happy to see you, are you okay ?"

Her smile was radiant, it lit up her face and Ben was completely caught in her beauty for a few moments.

"I'm fine, thank you, listen, I have to go so .."

"Well, stop, I can see that you've been avoiding me since the beginning of this and it's been a long time already. I just wanted to say thank you for worrying about me and having the video removed. Not everyone would have done that for me... You're an amazing person and ... wait ! "

Ben had started to walk and Anna had caught up with him.

"You should know that nobody makes fun of you Ben. Actually, I think we all want to be a little like you."

"To be a loser ?"

"To be a protagonist." answered Anna, kissing his lips.

Ben's eyes widened as he felt Anna's lips on his. When Anna stepped back Ben looked at the young woman confusedly.

"Ok, what was that ?"

"A helping hand. You slept with me, yes. There is a sextape that has spread but you have seen the comments, Ben. You really think to be the one to complain about ? I told you, you're lucky because you're a man, a talented, fucking smart and funny, beautiful man, no matter how, you win. It's just so sad that you do not realize it."

Ben stared at Anna without saying anything as if his brain was on stand-by.

"You're so focused on misconceptions, the words of others, and I can understand it, I do not know exactly what you experienced as harassment related to your weight, or how it affected you, but I know that by TIME you forgot who you are and to see what matters. Ok you're fat and ? It changes nothing. You are handsome Ben and there is nothing sexier than someone who knows who he is. And when we made love, I saw that you knew it and shit, I mean fuck me again if you have to."

The world around them stared at them without any embarrassment and Anna laughed. Her laugh was so sweet and Ben realized she was right. Anna was not just the hot cheerleader who had been elected the sexiest girl of the school. She was not a label and that was what Anna was trying to tell him. Ben wasn't the "fat" guy. Yes, he was fat but it did not defined who he is.

"I hope you open your eyes now. And by the way, I'm serious. I'm always free if you ever want to do that again."

He was already imagining taking her to a far-flung, dark corner of the school, like the abandoned toilets. He imagined kissing her savagely, undressing her and kissing her against the wall. The moans of Anna filling the toilet, it would still be as tender but always as hot between them and it would be just their moment. When Anna kissed Ben's cheek, he came out of his thoughts. She smiled at him one last time before greeting him and leaving. He did not answer, but watched her go away happy. Anna Addams was an angel fallen from the sky. Ben looked around and everyone in the halls looked away. Ben smiled a little and moistened his lips as he walked.

Yeah, Ben Hanscom was hot. Definitely. Being hot in itself was a whole and not just a physical thing. He was known as a smart, sweet and funny guy. Now he had also become a kind of figure with an undeniable sex appeal. The boys were looking at him, the girls were talking about him as a kind of sex god and the others admired his presence. It was weird but you had to accept it, the sex changes you and for Ben it was in the radical acceptance of himself, his past and his body. And it was fucking good.

Ben took the initiative to make a tumblr post on it and was very quickly shared, commented by many people, including other famous blogs.

When money fell on his bank account, he immediately renewed his subscription to his sport club and spent his entire weekend doing a lot of shopping. Books, art furniture, things he wanted for a long time but mostly clothes, things to take care of himself as he should. He went to the hairdresser as he had promised his mother and changed his haircut to something more stylish and less messy. But the most important thing was that he finally dared to talk to Beverly again. Like before.

[Back](#)

bev ringwald

@bev



I swear, I didn't watch the video.. I would never do that to you, Ben...

13/10/2019, 23:04

Thanks Beverly

13/10/2019, 23:05 ✓



Don't thank me for that. Shall I remember you that we trust and protect each other, as we said

13/10/2019, 23:07



13/10/2019, 22:09 ✓

I miss Eddie so much... I hope he's getting better but I miss you more you know

13/10/2019, 22:28 ✓



I miss you too

13/10/2019, 22:29



Start a message...



< Back

bev ringwald

@bev



13/10/2019, 22:09 ✓

I miss Eddie so much... I hope he's getting better but I miss you more you know

13/10/2019, 22:28 ✓



I miss you too

13/10/2019, 22:29



13/10/2019, 22:29 ✓



I'm going to sleep so I can be beautiful tomorrow. Sleep well. new kid on the block 😊😊

13/10/2019, 22:30

You're always beautiful anyway. Just like the dawn

13/10/2019, 22:30 ✓



13/10/2019, 22:31



Start a message...



The next day, Ben woke up, getting ready for music on DMX's [X Gon Give It To Ya](#). He took his time, admired himself and the rendering of

his daring outfit choice, his hairstyle and the beginning of this little beard of three days. He was ready. He looked at one of the walls of his room where a lot of photos were hanging and in the middle, a piece of torn paper with Beverly's handwriting was there. He smiled.

He went down in fury and had barely time to catch his breakfast, his mother watched him cross the door of the house with a smile on his lips. She was surprised but proud. She could be. He was fierce as fuck.

Ben crossed the corridors of the school with a confident step. His back straight, his head up, his charisma to the maximum. He was not paying attention to the world around him, but all eyes were turning in his wake. He felt the glances at him, the astonished comments of the boys and the admiring whisperings of the girls and the "wow" or "oh my god" of the others. Anna watched him pass in front of him and smiled. It was with *this* Ben Hanscom that she had sex. Her friends could not help but get excited about him right after that. Ben finally arrived at his classroom, sat next to Beverly who was almost hypnotized.

"Wow, Ben... fuck me."

"Sorry ?" he said, removing an airpod.

"Hm...Have you changed your style ?"

"Yeah, well I changed."

She looked at him closely.

"No, not really, seems more like you just.. affirmed yourself."

Ben turned to the board and smirked. She gets it.

To spend almost a month doing the dead was horrible. Not only because suddenly I missed everyone. But besides, no one was there to see my progress. Rarely, if I was bored, I took consistent doses of meds to feel good enough. Just because I did not want to want to jump out of a bridge or because I wanted to stop thinking too much, but I was still making progress.

Eddie was lying in bed staring at the ceiling. Champagne Supernova from Oasis had just started randomly on Spotify.

I missed my friends. I had even forgotten why I started to be upset towards them.

Stan's voice came back to him.

"We want to help you Eddie, we want to help you, but we can not stand it."

Then Richie's.

"You're annoying Eddie. All of this is annoying."

Oh, now I remember. They hurted me.

Eddie scrolled through the conversations, reading and laughing. He could see the messages, the photos, the memes, the pictures of the Losers who had become memes but did not answer. It was Eddie in a nutshell. Sometimes we heard more about him. Generally, he put it on the back of his mother because it was really his fault but on rare occasions, it was he who retired. Especially when he felt like he was too much for others. His friends respected his need and thought of him, he knew it, he saw it.

So why did I feel forgotten?

Eddie took a cushion and began to put it on his head to quell his cry.

Richie had been gone most of the week. Except for today, I saw him and we had a fight about Butch and his sex stories and because I told him he had to stop seeing anyone like that. He yelled at me a little and I yelled at him a little. And since then, nothing. What if he thinks I'm too stuffy as a friend? What if he's gone again? What if he didn't want to see me because my introvert ass had been acting up again? Shit. I screwed up again, right?

While Eddie had distanced himself from the group to focus on his addiction problems, life had not stopped for the rest of Losers. Stan continued to excel in class because it was so easy while raising his popularity rating. Mike was still juggling caps and occupations at the risk of getting lost and losing Bill, who was getting used to seeing their relationship take a different turn since they were together. Ben and Bev were still trying to survive this past year and were doing it quite easily. And Richie, Richie was doing what he had to do, with God knows who. Eddie looked at his phone for the umpteenth time, hoping he would have an answer.



trashmouth 

@richietozier

yeah, i can act.

 Derry, MN  Los Angeles, CA

 [instagram.com/richietozier](https://www.instagram.com/richietozier)

451 FOLLOWING 549.7K FOLLOWERS



Imao what about u here, you look like a dork. my cute lil eds 🤔

07/09/2019, 02:01

fuck off

07/09/2019, 02:03 ✓

Hey

15/10/2019, 18:36 ✓

What u doing right now ?

Ok I admit it, I'm bored



Start a message...



Ok I admit it, I'm bored

Riiiiiiichhhhhh

Answer me, dickhead !!!!

Are you really ignoring me
because i ignored you ?

Stop ignoring me ignoring
you

For what it worth, I just
need to be alone, I swear
to god, I didn't take
anything

Ok I'm sorry for like
everything, ok ?

I'm sorry for everything.



Start a message...



Eddie didn't really know why he was apologizing. After all, he wasn't the one who kissed him, then abandoned him, and then made him cry. It was not he who deliberately made him understand that he was wasting his life. Richie still did not answer a few minutes later. He tried to write the same message several times.

 Back

trashmouth

@richietozier



Stop ignoring me ignoring
you

For what it worth, I just
need to be alone, I swear
to god, I didn't take
anything

Ok I'm sorry for like
everything, ok ?

I'm sorry for everything.



I love you

Send

«you»

your

youtube

a z e r t y u i o p

q s d f g h j k l m



w

x

c

v

b

n

^



123



espace

retour

But he gave up every time feeling really bad. He had to go out. He

had to know if Richie hated him, if Losers hated him. Bill was not answering his calls, that Bev was hanging up with every phone call, that Stan was still leaving him and that Ben was tweeting but not answering his dms. In no time he found himself on his bike speeding through the city. He had his beanie on his head, his fanny pack with him and in his ears he could hear Kate Bush's powerful voice on the beating beat of [Hounds of Love](#).

Some people would say that I over-react, that I do too much, that I worry about nothing. But, I could not push people out of my life when I could not stand things anymore. The only person I have been bailing from the beginning is me. I will not do it alone. My heart was beating too hard, I felt like I was going to make a mistake and yet, maybe I was doing the right thing. After all, I never know what's good for me. Yet in front of that door, even though I felt a lump in my stomach ... I felt soothed.

Eddie knocked once and then two, maybe he was too stressed.

"Eddie !"

"Hello Mr. Tozier, Richie is there ?"

"Yes, he's in his room !"

"Hm .. I can .."

"Yes, of course, come in !"

Eddie went up to Richie's room with Wentworth, and when he knocked on his son's door by announcing him, Richie was on video conference with his agent. Richie hung up with his agent who was a little upset that he hangs up for "a boy who will not bring him the role of his life". Eddie entered Richie's room hesitantly. Richie was sitting on his bed. His hair was a little wet and messy, he wore a T-shirt with Kid Cudi's head and the same jeans as today. He was adorable and Eddie did not know why he was there at the end.

"Hey.. Um... I don't want to be mad at you or with you, okay?"

Eddie's hands were shaking a little and he was dangling on his legs playing with his ventolin in his hands.

"Neither did I, Eds." Richie replied, impassive, looking at Eddie.

Eddie shook his head positively by inhaling and exhaling.

"Oh, ok, cool, hm, I want to .. I just want to protect you, okay ? I just want to protect you and Losers, I do not want you guys to interfere with my problems, it's not yours, it's not your fight. I have to settle this alone and i want, i .. i just want to .. not be a burden .. i'm so ... i'm so stupid, i know that and earlier I was stupid too. It's just that... We haven't spoken in weeks and I know it's my fault but the first thing I learn from you is that you flirt with Butch Bowers and it's a "thing." And you send nudes to a mysterious guy from the high school bathroom ?? I'm not jealous okay. It's ... I'm sorry but I'm worried, okay ? Damn, of course I'm worried because Bowers is a rat, the father as the son and this guy, besides, you do not know him and I do not want you to get hurt because he could take advantage of you. I just want to protect you okay and you can not blame me for it. You can say that I'm psychotic. That I am anxious. You can say I'm panicking and I'm going to have an aneurysm while giggling like that but, it's just that, you know .. It hurts. To think about these things ... It really hurts me. It's .. too much ... I .."

Richie stood up and held his best friend.

"Hey, hey, I'm not mad at you at all, Eddie."

He held him tightly against him and passed his hand through his hair to caress them slowly. Eddie's body tilted against his. Richie whispered reassuring words in his ear to calm him as Eddie continued to talk to him.

"Your return is the best thing that's happened to me since... too long and I don't want to lose you so don't be mad at me, please Rich."

Eddie's voice trembled and tears flowed from his eyes. Richie laid kisses on his forehead before wiping his tears.

"I'm not, and the Losers aren't either. We love you, I love you, Eddie. I assure you."

"I love you too, Rich."

Eddie sniffed a little, which made Richie laugh, who arranged his hair.

"You're a mess, Eddie Spaghetti."

"You too, you know." Eddie replied, smiling sadly.

The two men ended up lying face to face on Richie's bed.

"There is no one else with whom I feel as good in this world as you. I want you, all the time, with me, Eds."

Eddie looked up to Richie. did he really just say that? He looked at him with a little smile on his face and Eddie felt so confident at the time. He approached him and laid his lips on his. Eddie kissed Richie tenderly and Richie remained stoic. Eddie cut the kiss very quickly and got up.

"I'm sorry, sorry, I have to go."

He took his fanny pack and inhaler and left the room closing the door as fast as he had arrived. Richie could clearly hear Eddie's "fuck" behind the door. His heart was beating out of his chest. Eddie had kissed him voluntarily. He began to blur, but his phone rang, it was Greta Gerwig. He was going to have to panic later.

A few minutes later Eddie was on his bike. And when [Where is My Mind](#) of the Pixies gave way to [Angie](#) of the Rolling Stones in his ears, the tears rose again. He came to Mike's house and slammed into the door. His eyes were red with tears. It was hard. But he didn't know where to go. He was in love. He was still in love. He was terribly still in love with Richie. And he just wanted to feel something else.

"Who is that?" Mike asked when he got to the back door of the farm.

It was the entrance to the second barn where the Hanlons ran their weed and drug business.

"Mike! It's me! Open up! Please!"

Mike opened the door and faced a more than chaotic Eddie. His face

was broken, he couldn't stand on his legs, he trembled greatly, he had just cried and still had tears in his eyes.

"Eddie? What's going on?"

"Let me in, Mike."

"Not today, not now, sorry."

"Come on, please. be a friend."

"No, Eddie. You can't come inside."

"I just need some oxys. That's what I want."

"I'm sorry, but I can't help you, not like that anyway. I don't know what you have, but obviously it's not going well already. Oxys won't solve your problems."

"Mike, Mike, Mike. Listen to me, I need it, okay ? The last few weeks were... Awful. I didn't take anything, I held on, but today I really had a shitty day. A real fucking shit day, so I need you to open this door for me. Open this door if you're my friend, please."

"I'm not gonna help you to kill yourself, Eddie."

Mike had a short break watching Eddie who seemed really desperate, with tears in his eyes.

"Sorry, but you can't come here anymore. Go home."

"No, no, no, no, Mike!"

Eddie was starting to cry.

"Don't close the doo.. Shit ! Mike ! Mike ! Open the fucking door, please ! I beg you open me ! Please."

Eddie knocked his fist against the door. He placed his head on the door and inspired before knocking on the door. Mike was standing against it. He closed his eyes when he heard the blows.

"Mike, you're an asshole, you hear me ? You sell your fucking dope to

kids to make sure you have a future, and now you have some principles ? You're a poor teenager as lost as I am. You're a dealer, shit, you're as much a dealer as I am a drug addict, just a fucking drug addict."

Mike sighed. He knew that Eddie was broken at that moment. He knew, he knew pretty much what was going on in his head. He knew that he did not mean a word of what he said except for a few words in the second part of his last sentence. Eddie was not a "junkie", he was Eddie Kaspbrak. A brilliant, funny, adorable, handsome boy who was braver than he thought. But not just a drug addict.

"Open the door !!! Well, fuck you! Fuck you, Mike. You're not my friend! You're not my friend... You're doing this because you care about me? If you cared about me, you would open the fucking door. If you cared about me, you would never have given me this shit when I didn't have any at home. You never would've sold me your dope, but you fucking did it! Now open the door !"

"I can't do it."

"Open the door, Mike ! Please... The least you can do is help me. So open up, because I swear to you, Mike, if you don't open that door, I'll hate you until I die."

Mike turned to the door and laid her forehead down, shaking his head negatively.

"I'll help you, Eddie, but not like this."

"Mike ! Open the door !"

"I'm sorry.."

Mike walked away from the door, looked away, and returned to his duties. Eddie continued to drum against the door until he was exhausted.

"FUCK !" he screamed at the top of his lungs, letting himself slide to the ground.

He stood like that against Mike's door and did nothing but stare at

the sky and shiver until it got darker and darker. He got up, searched his pocket and grabbed his phone but also touched a piece of paper. He was in black bermuda and just wore a shirt with converses, he was a little cold. He launched Spotify and Led Zeppelin's [Stairway to Heaven](#) began playing. He confessed to defeat and recovered his bike to drive to the city centre.

If I had eight minutes and three seconds to live, I'd just like it to be now.

When he arrived in his street, Eddie watched his house. He took out his phone and the paper in his pocket, a number was written, he composed it with trembling hands and carried his phone to his ear, inhaling and exhaling.

"Hey .. Hm .. Paul ? Yeah, it's Eddie, I wanted to know if you're still tempted for some pancakes Because yeah, I'm ready I want to get better, for me this time."

Fucking finally.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things are starting to go further ! The theme of this chapter is so interesting because I think that precisely this work of acceptance and assuming is something specific to the storyline of Ben, but also of Eddie somewhere.

I especially love the moment with Kate Bush's Hounds of Love which partly takes up the lyrics of the song (because I don't know how to write without music, musical intelligence forces) and Stairway to Heaven which is really THAT song !

I hope you enjoyed this new chapter. Thank you from so much guys for your comments, it really

touches me to know that you like the story and that you appreciate my writing.

See you soon for the next chapter (and if you want, i'll give you the fancast for some of the other characters) !!!

4. Love

Notes for the Chapter:

Ok, we're here and we're ready for a new special chapter !

Special because it's the Halloween chapter (which I publish on Halloween, genius you see !)

And as asked, here's the rest of my fancast for this story :

Dean Charles Chapman for Georgie, Diana Silvers for Audra Phillips, Lana Condor for Betty Ripsom, Jessica Barden for Patricia Blum, Violetta Komysan for Anna and finally, Sky Ferreira for Penny Wise.

Good reading !

ps : I would like to dedicate this chapter to Maya, because she's wonderful and she deserves it.

The reasons why the drug was there are broad and multiple. But most of the time it was mostly to forget, to forget the pain that existed created.

Chapter 4

Love.

When Richie was little, all he cared about was entertaining others. He had always been a bum who made shitty jokes and liked to piss the world off.

He had never been funny when he wanted to be and was funny when he didn't want to be. Richie may have been a lousy comedian, but there was one thing he was great at; acting.

At a very young age, Richie fell in love with art. With a father who's a postwar art dealer and a mother who's an artist agent, it was easy. His mother sometimes took him with her to her professional appointments or on sets. She lived between Derry for her family life, Hollywood and New York City for her professional life, and Richie had to get used to it. But it was not without its difficulties. You always had to find a way to get Maggie's attention, and when Richie realized that he would never stand up to her Hollywood stars, he decided to become one.

"I think I want to become an actor."

"You, actor? You can't even make us laugh, you think you can make us cry?" asked Eddie by cleaning his friend's glasses.

"If you become an actor, I become a museum curator." Stan added.

"Shut the fuck up. You guys are assholes, you'll see I'll be an actor ! And Bill will be a writer, you, Eddie, you will be a famous cardiologist and you, Stan, you'll be a museum curator."

"I guess all I have to do is pray that this never happens." Stan said with a sigh.

The children's quartet laughed and laughed at Stan.

Nine years and already so certain of his future. After all, he was the one who managed to get the appendix removed when he didn't need it just because he was playing his pain. Maggie Tozier had become much more interested in her son and the manager. Richie had become a child actor and even if it was worth the mockery of Derry's other children and especially of Bowers, he didn't care as long as Maggie finally gave him all the attention in the world.

Well, not really. Richie wasn't just harassed for it. There was something else that bothered him that he was talented or interested in the arts. You couldn't go into the high school bathroom without seeing written on a wall "Richie Tozier sucks cocks" "Richie Fagmouth Tozier" and others. It was hard because he himself didn't know why the gang started with Bowers. Even though Richie knew how to use his mouth to defend himself. He was not Trashmouth for nothing. He never contradicted, he simply insulted in return or just watched. He had much better things to do after all, but he couldn't help but hate himself because others seemed to know his sexuality better than himself. The others actually didn't know anything and only assumed but Richie basically was confused about it. However, when he was 13, he had dated Betty Ripsom. But towards the end, he had the impression of playing to be in love.

After all, Richie was fucking good at it, so much so that sometimes we didn't know if he was playing or if he was sincere. Richie was mysterious, deep down. He was exuberant and probably making noise so that we would actually stop at that. The surface. This Trashmouth side had become a defense mechanism, which his acting career had only strengthened. So who was really Richie Tozier ? Few people could answer that question. But there was one person who had been watching him carefully in the shadows for years to be able to do that. Penny Wise was obsessed with everyone's fears and secrets, she loved to scare others, all the time, and was one of those people who found comfort in pain.

Richie was hiding with Beverly, watching the boys at school carefully while smoking a cigarette. They watched their laughter, their outbursts of joy, the energy that came out of some. Their hugs, their fights. It was almost an intimate way of doing things, Beverly pointed out. Richie could only answer that it really was. When Eddie came in turn, he felt his heart miss a beat. His mouth quickly became dry and he hummed his lips. He had a small smile. He jumped out of his

thoughts when he saw Penny in the distance walking towards him with a big smile on his lips. It didn't sound good.

"I know your secret. Your dirty little secret. I know your secret. Your dirty little secret !" she said when she came to him singing.

Richie was paralysed with fear when he saw her. Beverly turned to Richie without understanding. None of his friends had ever known then how she could understand it and... sing it.

"The one who says I'm afraid of clowns dancing like you, Penny ?"

"I'm not a clown." said the teenage girl while scrutinizing. "So truth or dare, Richie ?"

"Leave him alone, Penny." Beverly said on the defensive.

"But Bevv, look at him, it's so tempting to shoot him in the face... and then there's no need for him to pick, I know you like boys." Penny replied, turning to Richie at the end.

"It's a secret to no one since everyone seems to have been screaming it for years. Have you seen the tags in the girls' bathroom?" retorted a sarcastic Richie by shooting his cigarette.

"You love them, Richie."

"Yeah ? So what ? What's wrong with being attracted to men in 2015? Homophobia is so '80s, Penny."

"There's nothing wrong, but, you know, when are you gonna tell Eddie.... that you love him...?" she said with a big treacherous smile.

Beverly raised an eyebrow of wonder and Richie's jaw contracted. She knew. And if Penny Wise knew, there was something to be afraid of.

"What do you want, Penny ?" asked Richie, glancing at her.

"Nothing. That little panic in your eyes is enough for me."

"Go fuck yourself, fucking clown."

"Hurry up, Richie, you're running out of time, tick-tac, tick-tac. Does he know you're leaving Derry in a few months?"

Bev put her hand on her mouth shocked by Penny's revelations, Penny left them with a big smile. Richie watched her go away, feeling the tears rise. Bev took him in his arms immediately and he collapsed in.

Compared to me Penny had understood much more, much earlier. She was right, he didn't have much time left. Because at the end of this year. He and his mother went to L.A. to study at a Laguardia-type art school in L.A. and continue his acting career. However, one thing Penny could never have guessed was that it would explode so fast. Thanks to a dramatic comedy directed by Gia Coppola and produced by A24, his name was everywhere in the mouths of the great names of Hollywood. Named to the Golden Globes, won the Critics Choice and Gotham Independent's Breakthrough Actor Awards and was a presenter at the Academy Awards. In addition, Brad Pitt, Dicaprio and others were already fans of his work. At 17, he already had a promising career ahead of him, but at home everything was not rosy despite the success. After years, Wentworth and Maggie's marriage had broken out leaving Richie as a pawn in the war that was beginning. According to his father, Richie was completely gripped by his mother and missed his teenage years.

It wasn't completely wrong. Richie had friends in L.A., he went to school with friendly people and lived his life. He slept with girls and boys and then forgot their names. He was screwing up, going to parties with his friends, dancing on [M.O.N.E.Y.](#) but it wasn't like Derry. Everything would have been better in Derry and he missed it. His best friends, the irrepressible urge to get out of this town, the weekends at Mike's farm and everything else, even Bowers and Penny Wise, it was almost creepy. It wasn't 500k followers or hanging out with Zendaya, Timothée Chalamet or Saoirse Ronan that was gonna change that.

"You have two choices, honey. Either you go back to Derry with your dad, you take a break while you figure out what you want and I'll take care of you remotely. Either you stay with me in L.A., we go on with your career and we see for Juilliard. We don't force you to do anything." Maggie said looking at her son.

Richie knew that his mother wanted him to stay, but Richie, deep

down, wasn't a fan of life with his mother. He had come to understand that whatever happened, he would always be second. He played with his necklaces and looked at the one with the ball-shaped pendant that Eddie had given him for his 13th birthday.

"I'm gonna follow Dad. I'm sorry, mom, but I want to take a break, take a break, and think about my career, and it's all been super fast in three years and I want to be able to take a step back. I want to go to New York and go to Julliard and have roles during my studies but I don't want to be that. I want to go home."

Maggie Tozier cried as she listened to her son, he no longer needed her, he was mature enough to know what he wanted. She also knew that she had failed to reconnect with her son. The father as the mother had somehow neglected Richie, Wentworth had caught up in the end but not Maggie. She positively shook her head and rose to leave the room.

After that, he returned with his father to Derry, who left his job as a gallery owner to become a broker and be closer to his son. And Richie was happy because he loved his father. He remembered Derry. But it was different. He had grown, changed. Derry too. And something was missing. So he took refuge directly in sex. A way to fill the gap. His kind of men changed a lot, and as far as the girls were concerned, Richie went for the feeling. But, since he was back in Derry, his attraction to the male gente took over. It was always the same thing, he was lying about his age and his identity and if they told him he looked like Richie Tozier, he'd say;

"Why everyone keep telling me this ?"

Some were tender, some were bizarre, some were almost aggressive savages. And when things got too risky, messed up, even uncomfortable...

"Spit."

With Butch's hoarse voice blowing on his ear, he executed himself. He groaned under his kisses, his caresses and his pipe. But he was brutal, very brutal.

Richie imagined that it wasn't really him there. That he was one of his roles or a character in a film, book or series. That nothing was really real.

Why does it matter, anyway. Luckily or by chance or just because they had the same friends, during the same evening Richie found what he had missed for 4 years.

He could feel Eddie's hands clinging to his waist and his head resting on his back as Bowie's Heroes passed over Eddie's little speaker. Richie didn't want this moment to end for the world.

He later imagined taking an apartment with him in Brooklyn or Soho during their studies at Julliard and Columbia, they would surely have lovers but would still sleep together. He said that during the night and then thought it might be stupid. He wanted everything to go back to the way it was. Him, Eddie, the Losers. But, he knew, nothing would ever really be like before because they were no longer children.

One kiss in his bed, then another one at Eddie's birthday party, then the last one in his bed. Richie began to smile, lost in his thoughts in front of the TV.

"Why are you smiling?" asked Wentworth looking at his son.

"I don't know, it's just... life is done right, you know." Richie said looking at his father.

"You know? I mean, I'm not dying to do all these things... and then everything's super chaotic. Every time I talk about it, people find it sad. But actually, it's the same for everyone. When I see my mother or... when I see people in my high school or my friends, I realize how chaotic everything is. Their profiles, their blows on Twitter, their faces, their Tumblr posts, their life... I realize that they are all fucked. Lost. They manage to hide it rather well, because they have reasons

to do so. Whether it's their families or boyfriends, their parents, colleagues... In reality, they're all... lost. They are just looking for a meaning to all this, to why their life goes like this. I admit that sometimes I think it doesn't make any sense."

"Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, Eddie..."

Eddie came out of contemplation of his Pancakes dish and looked up at Paul.

"Huh?"

"I don't care what you tell me. Besides, it doesn't make any sense."

He's too old to understand.

"All right, all right."

"Tell me directly why you called me."

"Honestly... I didn't know who I could talk to."

"What the hell happened?"

His take of Xanax came to his mind.

"It was like..."

The kiss he gave Richie came to his mind.

"You know..."

His cries to Mike came to his mind.

"The usual bullshit."

Paul watched Eddie carefully.

"A drug addict never asks for help unless he really needs it, so I'm asking again why you called."

Eddie ate a piece of his pancake and sighed.

"Okay. There's this boy, he's my best friend and we were on the outs because of both of our behaviors, mostly because of mine. We reconciled and... it was really, really, really stupid. I, I... I misinterpreted his words. We have this so... special relationship and I don't know since he's been back, it's like I'm breathing again."

"I see, and how did that make you want to call me?"

"After that, I went to another friend's house, and it went wrong. I insulted him, I was a mess because of what happened with my best friend and... so to get through the pain .. I wanted..."

"Drugs."

Eddie nodded softly.

"I destroy everything I touch, Paul. Just because I need drugs. Just because... I can't control... I can't control myself without the drugs."

"No, you don't destroy everything you touch and if you can control yourself. Look at yourself. It's not you that you can't control. This is what you feel that you can't control. You told me you were hypersensitive, right?"

Eddie nodded his head.

"You know, drugs are ephemeral, but your emotions, they'll always be there. Do you remember the first time you took drugs? Was it good?"

Eddie shook his head negatively.

"The descent is never good, especially if what you're trying to get away from Eddie is reality. But if we are here tonight, it is because you have understood it, that you have to face reality and it is already huge. You can be proud of yourself. Now, keep it kiddo."

Paul smiled at Eddie who gave him his smile back by eating a piece of his stack of pancakes.

Paul was right. I had decided to get a "reality check". I hated that expression. The reality was sad. The reality was anxiety attacks,

difficulty breathing, tears, panic, excess thoughts, invasive emotions. Maybe by facing it, I also accepted the outstretched hands that would help me.

"I'm gonna do it."

[image]

[image]

[image]

30 minutes later, all were well at the quarry. Bev was the first followed by Richie, the two took each other in the arms. Bev smiled at Richie, who had his eyes a little tired behind his glasses. Then Ben came in with food and finished a huge hug to Richie directly, then he kissed Bev's cheek with a pack of cigarettes. Stan and Bill were next. After Mike came running, he greeted everyone except Bill, whom he kissed.

Once they were all there, they headed for the cabin that Ben had built and rebuilt for the band. They started talking about everything and nothing while eating. Stan proposed to be the chaperone for the evening, Richie and Bev smoked cigarettes on cigarettes. Ben and Mike were talking about music, architecture, photography and contemporary art as usual. Stan and Bill were laughing about classes and exams. Quickly, the conversation shifted to Eddie.

"We have to do something for him." Bill spoke seriously.

Ben looked at Bill and then Stan, who nodded.

"We have to be there for him, I don't have any other ideas honestly," added Stan. "Mike, Richie, can you tell us exactly what happened?"

The two looked at each other and concluded with gestures that Mike had to start.

"Okay. So today around 6:00, Eddie came to the farm. He went straight through the shop, not the house. He was really really bad. I don't know why but his face, I could read his pain on his face."

All listened attentively, Richie felt a kind of ball forming in her belly.

"He wanted to get into the house but going through the shop and I know that he usually comes straight home and it was delivery day and he knows it very well. So I said no. But he was so broken, he was begging me for oxy's, I refused, he kept begging me to open it and it was horrible to hear. He was at his wits' end, he told me he'd held on for weeks, but today was too much because he'd really had a shitty day. I kept saying no and that if he wanted help, that was not the solution but he went on until I left. I've never seen him like this before but it must have really happened something for..."

"He kissed me."

Richie's voice was calm but he seemed nervous. He sighed and passed a hand in his hair. His revelation left a huge blank. They all looked at Richie in shock.

"He kissed me, this time it was really sincere and I didn't do anything. I didn't answer or anything, I didn't do anything. And now he's... ugh and it's because of me."

Beverly put her hand on Richie's shoulder.

"It's absolutely not your fault, Rich. You don't know and you don't have to answer if you don't want to."

"That's the problem, Bev. I wanted to. I want to kiss Eddie. You know it." he said looking at Bev.

Mike, Bill and Ben looked at each other confused understanding that they might have missed an episode. They knew that Richie and Eddie were clearly in love, only the principals concerned didn't know, but they really felt like they had missed things and they did.

"I am just..."

"An idiot in love?" Stan added as he watched Richie smile at his remark.

He shook his head and crushed the end of his cigarette.

"I've actually been an idiot and in love too long."

"Finally!" cried Stan. "I'm sorry, but I've been waiting for you to say it for years."

Everybody started laughing at Stan.

"Now, I guess if we want to help him, I'd have to tell him."

"N-no. Your love is n-not supposed to help him in that way. It doesn't have to be something that will replace his addiction." Bill answered by getting up from Mike's knees.

"Bill is right." Ben added. "If you're ready to tell him. Do it because you love him and you feel like you have to tell him, not because of what happened today."

Bev gently stroked Richie's back with a smile.

"So, how do we help him?" asked Richie. "Do we stay the way we are now or do we go straight?"

"I think the best thing to do is just be there for him, let him understand that we love him and that we're here. It has to come from him too." added Mike in a moment of deep reflection.

The Losers seemed to agree. A soothing white settled between them and to break that moment Richie made a stupid joke that made the whole club laugh and they changed the subject to talk about Stan's Halloween party. Despite the good childish atmosphere, Richie

remained a little perplexed.

The thing the losers didn't know was that between us, it was a lot more complicated than that. Like I said before, love and unspoken things sucks.

A 13-year-old Richie kissed a 13-year-old Eddie, tenderly. Richie climbed up to Eddie's window to visit him one last night before he left. They had been talking, seriously, for two hours, about everything and nothing, about leaving, about how it was going to be in California, about the future and here without him. Then, of course, they kissed. Eddie told him it was his first kiss, because Myra didn't really mean anything to him and he wanted to get better at it since he never kissed boys and Richie laughed. And they started kissing again and again.

Even if we wanted to say all the things we thought, we had said nothing to each other. Because love is complicated when we are far away. So all these things became unsaid. That's why it was so much more complicated, because we think time heals and makes us forget, but it's not.

Luckily, I got back into my Loser routine very quickly. Bill would pick me up every morning to go to class, I'd study every night with Stan and Ben, Mike would make me listen to his latest sounds on Soundcloud or Spotify and they were pretty good. Bev took me shopping or boxing lessons and we talked. Richie and I spend some time together when we could.

Richie was hiding in his usual corner to smoke, Eddie slowly came behind him.

"Boo!" cried Eddie laughing.

Richie startled and dropped his cigarette.

"Fuck it, Eddie ! You're so stupid ! I hate you !"

"Hey ! You could burn our school with this, Trashmouth. It's wrong."

"I'm going to burn you instead, you little bastard. Come here, I missed you." he said in his arms.

Eddie smiled by squeezing him in turn, he smelled the Bleu de Chanel mixed with his natural smell, his hair had this smell of cinnamon that

Eddie had on the sweaters that Richie "forgot" at home. He loved it, he loved Richie.

"So... you're not mad at me that kissing ? Are we okay ? There's no discomfort between us ?" asked Eddie.

"A discomfort ? You see one ? You're so cute."

"Stop saying I'm cute !"

Eddie had a little smile and he took one of Richie's airpods to put in his ear. He listened to Green Day's [American Idiot](#) and Eddie liked it. When [Song 2](#) started playing, Eddie looked at Richie with a big smile.

"Do yourself a favor." Richie said when he lit another cigarette.

He was watching Eddie sing and pretending to be Damon Albarn, and he was completely charmed by Eddie. He was really sexy, the worst of which was that he probably didn't realize it. He could stand there and watch it all day. He approached him and removed the airpod from Eddie's ear by looking at him.

"I'll pick you up at 9 pm. And I thought of Gomez and Morticia Addams."

"What are you talking about?" Eddie asked confused.

"Halloween, you idiot."

"What ? Are we... going together ?"

Richie was already far from Eddie who seemed to be completely taken aback by his words. Eddie winked several times before running to catch up.

"9:00, Eds. That means, be on time, asshole."

"Hey ! Wait ! I do who ? Richie !"

Richie had his back but waved his hand.

I really have a date with Richie ? I have a date with Richie.

Eddie searched the ventolin in his bag and took a breath.

Fuck.

9:00 pm. Richie knocked on Eddie's door. He had waxed his hair, made out with a contouring that highlighted the paleness of his skin and his fine features, the depth of his green gaze was accentuated by a light smoky and black pencil around his eyes, with a deep red lipstick. He had painted his nails the same color as his lips and wore many large silver rings, as well as a false black fur and had only a rolled lace collar underneath, a black trousers that perfectly moulded it and to finish boots that perfectly complemented its genderbend look. He could hear from here the voice of Eddie who was probably yelling at his mother that he wouldn't do anything dangerous and that everything would be fine tonight.

Eddie opened the door with a smile on his face. He wore a slightly striped violin-coloured waisted suit with fine vertical white stripes, a black silk scarf attached and tucked into his white chiffon shirt. He had tackled his hair slightly back and separated it by a crack in the middle. He had mainly made up his eyes by darkening them with a little shade in the violet tones and added glitter at the bottom of his eyes to keep a touch of himself. Finally, he drew a moustache and held a rose for Richie in his hand.

"Gomez."

"Morticio."

"As in Romeo and Juliet?"

"No, it's Mercutio, you moron."

"That's ugly."

"Like your soul."

"Exactly."

"Oh, my God, are your shoes... Are they Saint Laurent shoes?" asked Eddie smiling before he opened his eyes." Who wears Saint Laurent for Halloween?"

Richie started laughing as he pulled back.

He was so beautiful, I had tears in my eyes. If he posts something on Instagram tonight, I wouldn't be the only one to die, the Internet would too, oh my god.

"I can't believe you choose to wear converses with this."

"You made a genderbend Morticia look, so I have every right to keep my converses." he said as he walked towards him.

"You look great." Richie added to change his annoyed face.

Eddie handed him the rose, smiling in return. Richie observed him before catching him by touching his best friend's fingers. Eddie felt a chill running his back to that move.

"Thank you, caro mio."

Eddie kissed his hand, which made Richie smile.

After many photos for Instagram under the moonlight, the two men left to pick up Ben. When Ben opened the door, both were terribly amazed at the look of Ben as Hot Priest.

"You're hot Jesse Custer." Richie smiled.

Ben had a little smile that brought out his dimples. He had put on a pair of trousers that made his butt look amazing, a priest's top with a black jacket. He matched it with black cowboy boots, a pair of black

ray-ban boots, and even made up a little bit of makeup with wounds on his face, scratching his features and blushing his lips a bit. His hair was styled like the T-Birds in Grease but a few strands landed on his forehead in a very sexy wet effect. Beverly arrived just behind him dressed as Daphne Blake from 2002 Scooby Doo movie, she was sublime and her rose-colored platform shoes too. Eddie couldn't believe his eyes.

Just after picking up Ben and Bev, they all headed straight for Bill's house, to their greatest surprise it was Georgie who opened the door for them. The 4 friends looked at each other after looking at his costume, then looked at him again confused.

"Jason Voorhees ? Halloween ?"

"Ahhhhhhh."

Their voices echoed at the same time and Georgie sighed disappointed.

"I told you, angel. Halloween is meant to be sexy now. Come on in, kids." Sharon Denbrough made a mockery sound.

She had a big smile and raised her fork as a greeting.

"You look great. Very successful kids ! Bill ! Come down, hurry up !"

At the call of his mother, the chestnut went down the stairs slowly, everyone turned to him. He was really beautiful.

"So ?" he said with a little smile.

"This crop top, Bill! What is your costume exactly ? Being sexy ?" asked Ben, looking at it almost amazed.

"I'm Johnny D-Depp i-in "A Nightmare on Elm Street"."

"You make me want to lick you up and down, but.... if I do that, Mike will kill me."

"Beep-beep, Richie." Bev and Ben sighed at the same time.

"Wait ! You know what we should have done ?"

Eddie raised an eyebrow watching Richie start his sentence, he already had an idea of how he was going to end.

"We should all have come in character from Stranger Things. Bev would have Max, Lucas is Mike, Ben in Jonathan, Stan in Dustin, Eddie in Will and me in Mike. It would have been perfect ! All because you don't think I look like Finn Wolfhard."

"No, Richie. We will not start this debate again..." sighed Beverly as we sat down.

"Now, kids, pictures please !"

Sharon had already set her iPhone to camera, the small group set up around the table in the dining room taking the pose for the photos. Sharon began to smile with tears in her eyes as she looked at the photos. Bill and Georgie hugged her, then she reminded Bill to watch out for Georgie before letting them go.

You know that moment when you're with someone and you feel like you're with that someone... but in the end, everything is just a projection of your illusions on real life ? From then on, that's how the evening became.

The party was already in full swing when they arrived, we could hear Fat Lip from Sum 41. Stan opened the door for them, he was a bit made up like Harley Quinn' Suicide Squad and wore a T-shirt on which he was written "Costume". The giant house was entirely decorated in the Halloween theme, the music was in full swing and it was chaos. When all were well in the mood, they dispersed. Richie headed to the kitchen with Bev and Ben, Georgie left to join his

friends and Bill went directly to dance with Betty on the music that Mike, disguised as Frank Ocean, put on. Eddie went straight to sit on the couch watching the world dance.

"So what's it like being a teenager who can't do teen stuff?"

Eddie turned to the gravely voice that spoke to him. Penny was made up with clown makeup, her mouth was enlarged up to her eyes into two long red lines, her complexion was bleak -which didn't change usually -, she had dyed her hair red, but there was still white of her usual color. She had dressed in a leather jacket, a clown top, torn shorts, torn tights and huge black buffalo shoes. She was awfully pretty but really freaked out.

"Nothing mean. Anyway, when I'll be an adult, I won't do adult stuff either."

Penny was shooting on her cigarette at him.

"Assuming you live that long already... where's your Morticia, Gomez ?"

Eddie nodded. Richie was talking to one of the seniors.

"Oh. They seem very close." she said smiling. "Does that mean he still hasn't told you his dirty little secret ?"

"What you're talking about ?"

Penny got up and started dancing on Kid Cudi's [Pursuit of Happiness](#). This girl was like a nightmare, he thought.

"This."

Eddie sat on the couch and watched Penny crawl into the dance floor as she sucked in and turned to Richie.

Always when I think I'm okay, I finally realize that I'm not. I didn't know why Richie became so inaccessible to me. There was something that hurted me deeply.

He turned his head and saw Georgie in the background getting blown

by Graham Blum, Patricia's brother and the star of the seconds. Eddie frowned and looked up.

But I'll think about it later.

He stood up and crossed the dance floor. The bodies dancing on him, the lights almost blinded him, he could feel the perfumes mingling with the smell of tobacco or weed and the heat that emanated as everyone danced on Cudi's song. He stopped for a few minutes to watch this world move so much from him. He felt terribly outward in this atmosphere, yet it was beautiful to see. It was confusing. He continued on his way to Georgie.

"May I ask what you're doing, young man ?" Eddie asked Georgie.

"Roh, it's not like you haven't been there, Eddie !" replied one of Georgie's friends.

"And we all know how it ended..." Graham replied looking at Eddie.
"We won't do it like you, don't worry."

Eddie glanced at him and grabbed him by the collar and pulled him slightly out of the group, leaning him to bring his head close to his ear.

"Okay, listen to me now, you little shit. You can impress anyone you want in your class, but not me, I've seen stuff you can't even imagine in rehab. I know you want to date Georgie and Georgie is way too good for you. That's not how you're gonna get it and trust me if you hurt his health, you're gonna have problems with me, your sister, so with Stan too, my rehab buddies Joe and Dean who are gonna torture you bad and good-sure Bill will cut your balls off before you even think about fucking him. So please don't mess with me and leave Georgie out of your shit."

He let him go and Graham opened his eyes looking at him. He had never seen Eddie like this.

"Take care of him. And you, be careful." Eddie said looking at Georgie before leaving them.

Eddie noticed Ben with Anna disguised as Selena Quintanilla

speaking with Richie and Patricia as Poison Ivy, and he returned to them. A little further on, Bill seemed to be talking to Ethan Lowe, a football player and also his latest ex before Audra and Mike.

"Why Ted Bundy?"

"Why is Johnny Depp?"

Both began to laugh. Ethan watched Bill attentively who clearly was there to be admired.

"In any case, this is the best costume of the evening." Ethan added to resume the conversation.

"T-thank you, that's nice. Since, earlier, I was asked what it is, you are the first to understand. Except Mike b-but it's something else, he's got to know."

"Where is he actually?"

"He takes care of the m-music. As he should."

"Is he taking care of you, at least?" asked the dark-haired man with a mocking smile and a raised eyebrow.

Bill stared at him and Ethan had a broad smile.

"Mike takes good care of me. Y-you're an asshole."

"An asshole with who you like to flirt with when Mike's not around."

"It was a mistake."

"I don't think so. You're not meant to be a couple Bill. You just like the idea of the couple. But you're not capable of loving. Yet you like it when we're both like this," he said, dangerously close to him to kiss him.

Bill turned his head.

"No. Not really no. It was nice talking to you anyway."

He turned around and smiled at him, embarrassed, before leaving. He

went into the kitchen where he met Eddie who watched Richie drink while dancing on Dancing Alone Fight with Audra who was disguised as Cher, Patricia and Beverly.

"Is he all right?" asked Bill, and he put an arm around Eddie.

"I don't know. It's the first time I've seen him really drink."

"I don't think so. You're not meant to be with someone, Bill. You just like the idea of the couple. But you're not capable of loving. Yet you like it when we're both like this." he said, dangerously close to him to kiss him.

Bill turned his head.

"No. Not really no. It was nice talking to you anyway."

He turned around and smiled at him, angrily, before leaving. He went into the kitchen where he met Eddie who watched Richie drink while dancing on Bagarre's [Claque-le](#) with Audra who was disguised as Cher, Patricia and Beverly.

"Is he all right?" asked Bill, as he put an arm around Eddie.

"I don't know. It's the first time I've seen him really drink."

That's true. Basically, I didn't know the 2019's Richie, or less than the 2015's Richie. I didn't know his evening routine, if he was holding alcohol, or his favorite beer and all that stuff. In a second, I felt like I didn't know anything about him. Yet he still knew everything about me. Why did he change and I didn't?

"So Tequila or water?" Patricia asked the group.

"I think it's better to have a glass of water first and then the tequila." Audra replied by having a glass of water before drinking it.

The rest of the band did the same before taking the tequila-caramel shots that Patricia had prepared. Eddie looked at his shot.

"I once drank tequila with xanax. So I blacked out for three days but it was so weird because during the blackout I still went to class and I

was doing my homework, getting straight A's... That is so weird."

Eddie began to laugh before looking at his friends who looked at him both horrified, confused and impressed. He stopped laughing and felt like a desire to cry that he hid behind a smile.

"Wow." said Betty.

"Well, let's try not to let that happen tonight." said Stan.

Anna slowly snatched Eddie's glass and gave it to Richie and everyone drank except Eddie who had a little sad smile.

"To think I was supposed to be your chaperone." Richie said watching Eddie.

"It's not the best idea of the century." Bev added.

Eddie lowered his head and sighed looking at his friends who seemed to be still on the idea of the babysitter for the evening.

"I love your costume, Anna, you look beautiful," he said to change the subject of conversation.

Anna smiled at him and turned on herself, thanking him. She looked at him attentively and finally pulled him to the dance floor, noticing a touch of sadness on his face. When St Vincent's [Fast Slow Disco](#) passed, they were soon joined by Bill, Bev and Audra. The two women seemed closer than ever and kept turning around under Ben's eye.

Bev and Ben had a good talk before and during the evening. Bev wanted to take a break and she felt that with Audra things were easier. Since Ben had become Fuckable Ben something was different. She didn't mind, but she had trouble seeing Ben and Anna all the time. Ben had changed in the eyes of others and but not in her eyes, only she no longer knew whether this asserted knockout attitude was a shell or whether it was him.

Mike then came to the dance floor to dance with Bill and kissed him in love. Bill smiled at his lips and Eddie was watching them, he had a little smile before feeling sad again. He shifted, apologized to his friends and walked out of the main room to the pool. He looked for

Richie with his eyes, he was in the water with Betty. He approached him, crouched down and leaned towards him when he came to him. Tyler, The Creator and Kali Uchis' [See You Again](#) launched and Eddie was completely captivated by Richie's beauty at that moment.

"What are you doing here, you idiot?" he laughed.

"I am doing fine."

"You're all wet, come out. You'll get cold."

Richie looked at him carefully, smiling and dancing to the song.

"You're the one that's always running through my daydream, I, I can only see your face when I close my eyes. Can I get a kiss? And can you make it last forever? I said I'm 'bout to go to war, I don't know if I'ma see you again." Richie said without singing while watching Eddie.

Eddie stared at him nervously and began shaking his head before getting closer to talk to him again.

"You're drunk, come on out of..."

Eddie had completely fallen into the water, dragged by Richie who kept his head underwater with his hands on his cheeks. He brought his face closer to his own and kissed him under the water. Eddie was surprised, he opened his eyes and cut the kiss before coming to the surface.

"They say it's gothic to love your husband." Richie started smiling as he patched his hair.

Eddie looked at Richie confused before frowning and coming out of the water. He walked directly into the nearest toilet, locked the door, looked in the mirror and started crying while trying to dry himself. Richie, in turn, went out to catch up with him, knew he had to be probably cleaning up and insulting him in the bathroom. He knocked on the door several times when he called him.

"Eddie Spaghetti! Open up, please. Don't be mad at me for that, come on."

"Fuck you. Fuck you. Go fuck yourself, Richie. You ruined my costume. Now my night is over. Fuck you, Trashmouth."

Richie sighed and apologized. Once, twice, three times. Eddie finally opened the door but stared before closing the door behind him.

"Are you crying ?" Richie totally freaked out. "I didn't want to make you cry, man. I was laughing, Eds, I swear."

Eddie sighed and shook his head negatively. Richie quickly understood that there was something else.

"That's the problem. You're never serious. You always laugh or your sentences are never totally sincere. I never know what's true with you. Okay, tonight you're drunk but... maybe it's just me and you hate me."

"I'm not drunk, Eddie, and how can you believe that I hate you ?"

"Because you're hurting me, okay ?"

Richie became tense at the agreement of this sentence.

"You hurt me. You kiss me and act like nothing happened, except we're not 13 anymore, okay ? Now a kiss is something. What the fuck, do you got secrets for me ? Secrets that Penny Wise knows but I don't ? Shit, Richie, how did we get to this point? We don't even communicate anymore." Eddie took a little break. "... We're on a date and I see you spending the night with other guys. I just want you to explain it to me because it's driving me crazy, okay ? It drives me crazy that you're looking at everyone with your beautiful eyes but not me. It's driving me crazy because, fuck, I want you to fucking look at me, Richie, because... because I love you."

The dark-haired guy opened his eyes. He expected everything but that. Eddie loves him. Eddie Kaspbrak *loves* him. His brain had a moment of disconnection. He wanted to tell him the truth but he couldn't. Not here, not now, not like that.

"I-I.. Eddie, I... we're not on a date, Eds."

Okay. You remember that illusion story projected into reality ? That's

exactly it. I'm Boo Boo The Fool.

Richie saw Eddie's face and his jaw contract. Eddie lowered his head and let a little "excuse me" escape from his mouth before leaving the room.

Richie stayed in the room meditating on the situation for about 20 minutes. He looked at his phone and sighed as he read all his messages. He saw a message coming from Butch who offered to meet him not far from Stan's house, on the lovers' bridge. Richie wasn't drunk but he accepted anyway, which proved his stupidity. He just wanted to forget that vision of Eddie's face breaking. He wanted to forget his heart which twisted him inwardly with pain.

When **Sober** started to play, He came out of the room. He was dry now and in his brain it was panic. He continued to party for a few minutes, to make sure everything was fine. But his heart was pounding every time we talked to him about Eddie, he wanted to scream. He drank another shot of tequila to pass this sensation and took advantage of the internal burning caused by the alcohol. Sometimes he was mobbed by people who wanted to ask him questions about his career and his next movies, except that it wasn't the right time for it. He just wanted to be with the Losers.

He ends up finding them right before he decides to leave. He felt guilty and began a conversation with Beverly, Bill and Mike. Patricia and Stan then came into the discussion and all told him to just do

what his heart told him to do. He thanked them and left Stan's house in the direction of the rendezvous point.

He didn't wanted to be there anymore, he was suffocating, he wanted to go home and change himself or to have sex to remove the frustration. It was crazy how 10 minutes could ruin an entire night. When he got there, he waited for three minutes before seeing Butch Bowers' car parked, but it wasn't Butch coming out, it was his son.

"What.. What are you doing here, Bowers?" asked Richie confused.

"I just came to check on you." he said as he walked in front of him.

Richie stood in front of him, saying nothing, just understood that he was screwed. He didn't know why yet. But he expected Bowers to strangle him immediately when he put one of his hands on his neck.

"I saw everything. Read everything."

Henry came closer to him, Richie had trouble breathing at once, he wanted to vomit on him but he remained tetanised, feeling the breath of Bowers close to his lips and his hand wandering on his jaw. His thumb trying to reach his mouth.

"Open your mouth."

Richie did it. He wasn't scared, but he was kind of blown away by what was happening in front of him. When Bowers put his thumb without his mouth, Richie pushed him. He breathed jerky and looked at the blond with a killer look. This one stared at him.

"You're broken. That's exactly why I don't trust you," he said by rubbing his hands on his face. "You are capable of lying, cheating, pretending and in exchange, having everything you want. But you are so broken and it's scary. Not just for you. Scary for me, scary for my family."

Richie's phone started vibrating.

"Don't answer. What I'm about to tell you is much more important, Tozier. For several weeks now, you've been producing child pornography, both outside and in high school."

"What are you... I never sent you nudes, nor your father."

"Yes, but in Kyle1968 it is. And I am Kyle1968."

Richie barely swallowed his saliva. He felt stupid. Eddie was right. He was always right. Stan, Mike and Beverly were right. He was stupid.

"I've compiled all these photos with an IP address and an account that looks after your name. I've been asking around, and I don't know if you're familiar with the laws of our state regarding child pornography, but it applies to both minors and adults."

"But... Kyle1968 is you, so I sent them to you."

"No. You sent them to a fucking person who doesn't exist, Tozier. And we can report child pornography anonymously."

Richie scoffs at himself by smothering a laugh.

"Well, I will denounce you anyway."

"You won't, and I'll tell you why. You'll be on the sex offender list. It means no college, no job, no more movies with these directors who love you, no more fans who are completely crazy about everything you do and say on Twitter or Tumblr, on the street or at film festivals. You will be harassed, rejected, insulted, seen as the poor loser you are."

Richie's jaw contracted. Henry placed his hand on his cheek.

"And to be honest, you deserve better than that because you're funny, talented, charming and smart and you're going to be one of the best actors of our generation." he said curtly but very sincerely, his voice trembling. "And I want you out of Derry, so shut the fuck up. Don't try to destroy my life, stay away from my family, because I'm warning you, Tozier... I'll kill you."

Richie looked at Bowers impassively. He raised an eyebrow and began to smile. He felt it coming.

"You know what I think ?"

Richie got even closer to him, by absolutely not breaking their stare-off.

"You are a..."

Richie wanted to finish his sentence but he had a heartache and vomited slightly on Bowers. Bowers walked away disgusted by what had just happened. Richie started to laugh.

"You're such a piece of shit, Bowers."

Bowers pulled back and spread to his car.

"Good night, Tozier."

Bowers got in his car and left leaving Richie here, wiping his mouth with a tissue. He sighed, lighting a cigarette. He wiped the tear that ran down his cheek quickly and began to move forward.

After leaving the party and coming home, Eddie had taken a hot shower. He had removed his complexion but not the eyes still wanting to keep his glitter and the rest that had mixed with the tears, especially because he didn't have the strength. He dried his hair and put on one of Richie's Iron Maiden t-shirts before going to bed. He couldn't even cry, yet he really wanted it, but it was all in his throat. He took his phone and put Spotify on his loudspeaker to play Lorde's Melodrama album randomly, the first song was the good one,

Liability.

Eddie fell asleep. The album was still playing when he woke up because of the noise at his window, it was [Liability \(Reprise\)](#). He turned around and saw Richie waving at him to open the window. Eddie did not ask himself any more questions, he rose and did so. Richie was there with his glasses on his nose, wearing an Hawaiian red shirt with a white shirt under it, black jeans, old converse and silver rings on his fingers. He backed up to let him in and fetched from his closet one of the t-shirts that Richie "forgot" at home. When he turned around, Richie was in front of him. His face was vulgarly scratched and he smiled timidly. Eddie handed him his t-shirt before going home under his duvet. Richie undressed in front of Eddie, Eddie did his best not to look, and then Richie joined Eddie under the duvet.

Eddie and Richie looked at each other. Eddie understood that something had happened and that Richie might not want to talk to him about it. He gently caressed his nose, then removed the strands of hair that fell on his forehead. Richie had a small smile at this gesture, very simple certainly, but which showed that Eddie was still there for him despite their argument. Richie apologized again and Eddie accepted his apologies and Richie started to speak to him with an open heart, about everything, about his career, about Derry, about his life in Los Angeles, his parents' divorce, New York, Julliard and the future.

They talked for long minutes, laughed a lot, Richie made him a complete list of everything he wanted to do after high school, and Eddie made him his. They'd show each other stuff on their phones, looked at old photos, watched the instagram stories of the party, the tweets that Richie was doing on his private Twitter account and the reactions of his fans after a simple "sup hets" on his main Twitter account and ended up snuggling into each other's arms to sleep. They were 13 years old again at that time and were the best friends in the world and nothing would separate them again.

"Rich ?"

"Eds ?"

"What's your dirty little secret ? The one Penny's talking about ?" Eddie asked slowly.

Richie slowly bit his lower lip.

"Wow...um...well...it's that I'm in love with my best friend...and this has been... always." He marked a pause time looking for his words." I never could love someone else the way I loved him, even though I had moved on in the four years that he was gone. It's as if when I left for L.A., I had forgotten everything. Then I saw him again in August at a party organized by Stanley Uris and I understood. I realized that... I still love you."

Are you kidding me?

Eddie's eyes got wet, he didn't really know what to say.

"Eddie ?"

"Yeah ?"

"Can I kiss you ?"

Eddie breathed in and breathed out. All the times they had kissed each other since he came back to his mind was the first time there was any real informed and clear consent. The first time it was sincere. He nodded softly. When Richie's hands landed on his cheeks to kiss him, he swore to hear [the song at the end of the last Twilight](#) that passed through his head. A fireworks display.

It was beautiful, it was tender, it was *that*.

Love.

Notes for the Chapter:

So It was a long chapter. But, intense and really complex to write. In the beginning for Richie's story, I wanted to get inspired by *My Life With John F. Donovan* by Xavier Dolan.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed it and that you went roller coaster while reading it too.

Looking forward to see your comments and knowing what you think about this chapter here or on Tumblr (phoebewallerbrigde) ! See you soon cuties !

5. Young & Beautiful

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, I know it took me forever to write this chapter.
A hell of a place.
But... He's ready, he's here and he's really worth it!

Be ready, little buddies.

Everyone knows that being a teenager is crap. Like, it sucks. And it's probably worse when you're a girl.

Chapter 5

Young & Beautiful

Beverly has always understood that being a girl was somehow a disadvantage because the whole world is against you just because you exist and society was created by for men for men only. But Beverly had decided to follow her own rules, to keep control.

She had always been made to understand since her earliest childhood that she was beautiful and that to get out of this world, that was what it took. But, since her mother's death, Beverly didn't believe it anymore. Her mother was beautiful and yet she had died from it. Elfrida had died because she was too pretty, because she attracted everyone's attention, because she was pretty and always had her most beautiful smile even when the bruises on her face were too obvious. And she was also dead because of the disease but Beverly couldn't stop that though. She still remembers that she was indirectly preparing her for her death. Before, she was too young to understand it, but with time, it was obvious. That's why she put her in boxing.

"You know, someday I'll be gone and you'll have to be brave."

Elfrida laid a kiss on the forehead of a little 6-year-old Beverly. She arranged her hair and held her little lipstick.

"Above all, always do what you love, Lily. That's how you're free and you know who you are. Make the choices you want. If it is this lipstick you want, take it. Never let someone steal your freedom and hurt you because you are who you are. You can still have control."

Beverly nodded as she took the lipstick and applied it to her lips. She turned to her mother and smiled at her, happy to share a moment with her.

Very quickly, she also realized that she looked terribly like her mother. Especially because her father, Alvin Marsh, made her understand this every day. Beverly didn't love her father, he scared her. When his mother died, he began to treat her as he treated her mother. First with insults, then prohibitions, then more and more violent blows and sometimes touching. It was hard to build herself because of him. It was hard because

she felt like a prisoner. So she had developed methods of survival. Be discreet, not talk, not make trouble, do whatever he wanted. She had stopped boxing lessons, stopped looking pretty, hid her mother's personal belongings left in the house. She had become cynical, like her favorite novel character, Daisy Buchanan, but only with him because it made everything a little more bearable.

It wasn't just at home where Beverly suffered. She had never understood why girls in school were harassing her. When she was ten years old, she had to kiss Bill Denbrough for the school show. She saw no harm in it, it was just a smack, nothing serious and that was her role. But in Greta Keene's eyes and her gang of girls, it was a problem. Since then, Beverly had this reputation of being a "whore" and everyone had fed it, to the point that it stuck to her skin.

"Beverly Marsh? This girl is dangerous."

"How can you end up so badly at such a young age?"

"It must have come from her poor mother, they both have been cursed by their looks. Did you see how Elfrida ended up?"

What pissed Beverly off about all this was people's credulity. People wanted to know everything but since they knew nothing, they ended up fantasizing about a misconception of her. A sexualizing idea. Beverly was only 12 years old and it was already said that she had deputed half of a group of Derry boys. Derry's people made her hate herself. She finally said fuck it and didn't give a shit. She had ignored it because no matter what happened, they would always talk. That wouldn't change. It was this freedom of choice and being that others jealous and secretly admired behind their insults in her home. Because in a city like Derry, in order to be yourself, to face your fears, your destiny, you had to have a big pair of balls and Beverly Marsh probably had the biggest one. She had taken up boxing again, joined the cheerleading team, dressed again as she wished, put on her mother's perfume again, appropriated this bad reputation. She had become the cannon that everyone talked about when she walked down the hall with [Bad Reputation](#) in her ears and ended up having a secret admirer.

"Your is winter fire

January embers

My heart burns there, too"

This was her mantra. A haiku written on a small postcard found one day in her locker after school when she was 13 years old. A dose of poetry that had changed her life. A life that had become cooler when she had friends, real ones, for the first time. She had joined the Losers' club and all the love her mother had given her one day, she found it in them. Yes, she was hanging out with boys, yes, it made people talk, but Beverly didn't care because for the first time, she wasn't a slut or she wasn't hypersexualized. She was just Bev and it felt good. She had made a special friendship with each of them. With Eddie, they were going through the same things. With Bill, it was sometimes almost like flirting. With Richie, they understood each other as brothers and sisters would. With Stan, they could be pessimistic together. With Mike, they supported each other. With Ben, it was easier for everything. But once home, it was happening again and then she cut her hair and her father hadn't looked at her the same way. She had become Beverly.

"Did you cut your hair ? Do you look like a boy now ? I'm worried about you, Bevvie. Are you still my little girl ?"

Beverly hated that question. She always said yes, out of fear. She had never really stood up to her father. She just hide the blows behind a smile and foundation. It was easier than talking about it. Anyway, she didn't know who to talk to about it. So she never said anything. Over time her father calmed down and she grew up between calm and storm. She hatched like a flower, continued to hang out with boys, skateboarding with them, doing lascivious and sexy choreographies with cheerleaders, going out and smoking and boxing hoping that one day it would serve her. She let her hair grow again. She had never stopped being herself since and playing with the Beverly fantasized by the people of Derry. She was managing this life pretty well until tonight.

Beverly left Stan's party alone. She drank and had fun and said goodbye to her friends after that. She had taken advantage of it and now, like Cinderella, she had to go home quickly. On her way, Beverly came across a car, Butch's Bowers car. She sighed when the car slowed down to her level.

"Bowers ? Am I disturbing you ?"

"I wanted to see you," replied, rolling down the window pane. "Do you need a ride somewhere ?"

"No."

"What do you mean, "no" ? We need to talk."

Beverly stopped walking and turned to Bowers.

"I said no. Look, if it's about the dick pics I found on your cloud, or that you're completely obsessed with Richie because you have a crush on him, I wouldn't tell anyone. Then let go of me."

Henry raised his eyebrows before parking and getting out of his car. He walked towards her with confidence. Beverly noticed that he smelled like vomit, he must have vomited on himself after probably drinking. He stopped in front of her before moving her back into a street near Stan's house. Beverly saw some students coming out of the evening watching them curiously before continuing their journey. Once she made it against a wall, Bowers came even closer to her.

"You can't say no to me."

"But I just did."

Bowers crushed his forehead against his own.

"Shut up. I decide and you shut up. You and I both know we didn't have time to have sex. Yet everyone talks about it."

"That's because you're spreading this rumor because you are who you are and it doesn't matter if you like b..." she says before stopping suddenly.

One of Bowers' hands had passed around his neck, strangling him heavily.

"Shut up. I'm not gay."

"Bi. Pan. Doesn't matter. It's okay, sexuality is a spectrum and it's

okay. Now, I-le-ave me. What... what are you going to do? Rape me to p-p-prove... the opposite ?" she answered with difficulty, almost suffocating.

She maintained eye contact with him, she saw very clearly in his eyes that he would not rape her. He didn't have the ability to do such monstrosities.

"Now, now, let me go... B-b-bowers!"

"Oh, I see that by sucking B-b-billy, we've become stuttering too." he said as he tightened the grip of her hair. "You're just a poor damsel in distress behind your strong woman's shell. Look at you, Daphne Blake, you're a slut like your mot..."

Bowers let go of the grip and Beverly fell slightly before getting up. She watched Bowers die of the blow that Beverly had brought to her stomach.

"Now who is the damsel in distress ?" she said in a weak voice, taking the first strong enough stick she saw in her hands.

Bowers looked at her before he stood up and hit the wall right next to her face. Beverly jumped slightly when she heard the shock of his phalanges against the brick. He gave her one last black look before leaving for his car and going away. Beverly dropped the stick and stayed against the wall for a while looking at Bowers' blood on it. She touched her neck and grinned in pain before walking home.

When she arrived home, she carefully opened the door and passed through the living room before turning around to the sound of her father's voice. She sighed. She knew what was coming next for her.

"Yes, Dad ?"

"Where have you been ? What's that outfit ?" he asked, clenching his fists while sitting in his chair.

"Halloween. It's my Halloween costume."

"You were still with those boys," he said, shaking his head negatively. "I'm worried about you, Beverly. I hear things about you, like you

would do things with boys."

"Dad... I'm fine. I'm fine. And they are my friends !"

"Of course..."

Suddenly, Alvin got up and approached Beverly. He grabbed her hair before smelling them.

"You smell like her. You dress like her. You look like her too, Bevvie. Everything was perfect before you were born, before she developed that damn cancer, before she did anything bad. I miss her." He stroked her cheek, Beverly remained stoic not knowing if he was hurt or if he was going to hurt her. "Your neck... Did those boys do this to you ? Because you were playing with them ?"

His hand landed on her neck and squeezed it. Beverly moans in pain.

"Are you still my little girl, Bevvie ?"

Beverly tried to free herself from her father, sensing the imminent danger. She knew that what her father's words were hiding and for the first time, she wasn't afraid, she wasn't going to let it happen.

"Are you still my little girl ?" he asked in a colder way as he stroked his cheek again.

"No," she replied before kicking him in the crotch.

Alvin fell to the ground and dropped it. As he tried to catch her, he hit her in the eye. He stammered words between apology and anger and Beverly was fed up.

"I'm not your little girl anymore."

Alvin doesn't say anything. Beverly left for her bathroom, where she locked herself in. She stood in front of her mirror and looked at her neck. She touched it gently, moaning in pain, then did the same with her right eye.

On her way home tonight, Beverly had a sense of victory. But when she came into her bathroom, she was nauseous. Like enough to throw up. It

was not so much the violence of the gestures that frightened her or what was going to happen the next day.

But the fact that she could no longer pretend, that she no longer controlled anything.

Nothing in the world was better than opium or a good 7.5 mg Vicodin tablet. But the best thing I've ever had is Fentanyl. Nothing compares to Fentanyl and the intense feeling it gives you when it's there. Except Richie.

Eddie was lying in his bed, listening to Doja Cat's [Addiction](#), his right hand under his duvet that only hid his legs and navel. He moaned softly as he closed his eyes and held his duvet firmly.

He was almost even.

Eddie bent himself a little more by moaning the name of the one who occupied his thoughts, while continuing to wank himself, intensely.

You know what would be perfect ? Richie and Fentanyl. But, I can't have both because Richie would never agree to that and would probably kill me for thinking about it. So I choose Richie.

He almost reached his climax and continued to moan and try to delay the moment.

"Eddie ?"

The latter jumped when he heard his mother's voice, he suddenly

pulled up the duvet to hide his body when she put her head through the door. He turned red.

"It's time to eat, Eddie-bear ! Are you coming ?"

"Yes... No.. Yes! Yes! Yes! I... I'll be right there."

"Are you all right ? You are all red. Aren't you sick, at least ? " Sonia asked as she approached her son.

"No, Mom ! I'm fine... I-just get out of my room.. I'll be there in a minute."

"All right ! But hurry up, darling."

Sonia came out of the room and locked the door behind her. Eddie sighed before he looked under the duvet.

"Fuck my life."

A few miles away, Richie was eating at the table with his father. They were practically spying on each other. Didn't say anything. Richie was concentrated on his plate.

"How was your first Halloween on Derry ? How was it ?"

"Cool."

Wentworth sketched a smile as he watched his son finish his plate.

"Did you sleep at Eddie's after that ?"

"Yes and ?"

Richie stared at his father, who nodded, assimilating the information.

"Is there something going on between you two ?"

Richie smiled at this question.

"Are you two together ?"

"Kinda, yes."

Richie got up and cleared his plate and that of his father.

"I know my opinion is not welcome at all, but... I like him."

"Me too."

"I know. Just take your time. I'm glad you can live a little more "normally". I think you're both doing yourselves some good. You're both coming out of complicated places. It's important that you go at your own pace."

Richie nodded gently as he looked at his father.

"Yeah, but not really, no." he said with a mocking smile on his face. "It's all right, Dad. We've already talked about this together. We'll take our time."

Drake's [Nonstop](#) covered the sound of the needle rubbing on Richie's skin. He was calm and didn't even blink. He was just watching Mike finish his tattoo. Sometimes he would take a look at Eddie who seemed both horrified and fascinated.

"Done. You really chose a good design," Mike said, dropping the machine off and smiling. "I wish I could do that too."

"Bill would kill you," Eddie replied.

"Yep, indeed. He would rather contemplate mine than have any."

"I understand him." Eddie added, looking at Mike who cleaned the tattoo by removing excess ink and disinfectant.

He put some film on Richie's tattoo and turned to Eddie.

"Ready ?"

"Does it hurt ?"

"Not at all. You're a real coward." Richie replied as he looked at Mike's work.

"Hm... I'm not sure I want to do it now."

"It was your idea, Eds."

"Don't worry about it. I've done this a hundred times, even on myself." Mike added.

"How can you be so sure ? Besides, you're not even a real tattoo artist ! Since when do you tattoo ? And since when is this farm also a tattoo parlour ? How do I make sure all this is clean ?"

"Don't worry." Richie and Mike said at the same time.

"I love you, Rich. But there's no way I'm doing this."

Just after Mike cleaned his equipment twice in a row to reassure him, Eddie was in Richie's place. Mike tattooed her inside forearm and Richie stroked his hair and cheek to calm and comfort him. Once the little tattoo was finished, Eddie looked at it carefully. It was the famous Loser with a red V above the S that Richie had drawn on his cast where Greta Keene had written Loser years ago. Eddie turned his head towards Richie, their eyes crossed and Richie kissed his lips.

I didn't know what happened the night Richie saw Bowers. I knew it wasn't cool and I didn't want to force it. And somewhere along the way, I was thinking of myself, selfishly. Because everything was going great for once and I needed this.

"Fix this. Now."

Even though after Halloween, things got... really weird.

Butch's phone rang insistently, he turned away from his employees and went out to concentrate on the voice of his wife screaming on the phone.

"Calm down..... All right, all right..... Slow down, Mona.... Calm down.... Tell me... Hun hun..... I'm coming."

Butch immediately left his offices and shortened his meeting to get in his car and arrive at Derry Public High School. The expression on his face changed completely when he saw the police cars in front of the school. He greeted his former colleagues with a sudden impulse. It was serious there.

"Thank you for coming all the way over here, Butch."

"Can you explain the situation to me?"

"Only once inside."

Butch advanced within the school compound with his wife and a policeman by his side. He was scrupulously spying all around him. When his gaze recognized directly in the distance one of the boys with whom he had had a affair, the tall pale man, with hypnotic eyes and black curly hair. As he stepped forward, his face contracted and turned slightly red. He deviated violently and could hear Mona asking him if everything was fine. He replied as he walked away before arriving at the toilet in a more hurried step. He pushed one of the doors and fell to the ground to vomit in the toilet bowl.

That's what happened.... This morning, Beverly went to school. It's been two days since anyone's seen her.

"What are you ? A white supremacist killer ?" asked Ben, joining the young woman who was crossing the corridors.

"What are you ? An escort boy ?"

Almost.

"...N-No." Ben replied, trying to hide his surprise.

"I was just kidding, honey."

"Of course."

Ben looked more closely at Beverly as he walked. She wore big sunglasses that hid her eyes. Him too after all. But with a khaki green turtleneck, an orange hat and above all she had a forest green zip sweatshirt and a hood on her head. With taupe-coloured cargo pants and platform disruptor fila at the bottom. Something was weird.

"But... are you okay ?"

"Yes, I just have my period."

"Hm.... All right, I'll see you later then."

"Yep, bye Ben."

Ben went to his classroom and Beverly went to her classroom.

The first class of the day for Bev was in room 209. Unfortunately, it was a room in the left wing.

The teacher would pass through the ranks by distributing the test sheets. Beverly was hot, really, really, hot.

"The air conditioning doesn't work today ?"

"Not today. You can always take off all your gear."

Beverly sighed as she watched the teacher move on to the next head.

Normally, Bev would have taken off her hat and sweater. Just like she would have covered the marks on her body. But today, she didn't have the strength. She hadn't eaten anything over the weekend to avoid her father, which made her very tired. As a result, she had taken aderall to get a boost, it made her perform so well, that she was exhausted and the descent had just caused her serotonin to drop completely. And besides, she really had her period.

"Beverly ? Beverly ?"

Her teacher called her while she was asleep. She didn't answer, yet she was alone in this room. Her teacher got up and tried to wake her

up, but nothing. A few minutes later, the paramedics were there and the teacher was still panicking.

"I'm fine. Why are you making such a big deal about this ? I just got a little down."

"Miss Marsh, you are an excellent student. But you were away for two days."

"Yes. Because I have my... you know."

"Certainly. But the weekend must have been hard too. What worries me is the bruising on your neck that the ambulance said was from that period."

"I don't have any bruises on my neck, Principal."

"Paramedics don't lie, Miss Marsh."

"They're lying."

He sighed exasperated by Beverly's stubbornness.

"Beverly, listen... I understand that maybe you're afraid to talk about these marks and the fact that you were beaten, but... I can clearly see your right eye has slight yellow marks. I want you to know that it's not your fault..."

"I'm trying to find a polite way to tell you this, but it's none of your business."

"Yes, it is. You are 17 years old. If I suspect that you are being abused, I must report it to the appropriate authorities. It is my duty in verse to the law."

Beverly took off her hood and hat with a sigh. Her hair was cut like when she was 13 years old. Higgins had a slight shock.

"Promise me you won't call my father. Call my Aunt Karen. But not him, please."

Principal Higgins clenched his teeth. Everyone knew the story of

Elfrida Marsh, at least the little bits. Above all, everyone thought that it was not just the disease that had killed her.

"Is that him ?"

Beverly felt a great sense of guilt somewhere by admitting at least that. It was difficult, the words were tightening his throat. It was painful.

"He didn't do it on purpose."

He nodded gently.

"You don't have to protect him, Beverly. This is an extremely serious act of child abuse."

Beverly had time to think.

"It's him for my eye only."

"So who is it for the other...? Someone that we both know ?"

Beverly put her hand through her hair, it was strange to have it half-long again. She stared at the principal without saying anything, but she thought her answer strongly.

"Is that Henry Bowers ?"

Higgins seemed to have understood, he asked her to leave his office right after that. Beverly put her hat and sweatshirt in her bag and and left the room. She crossed the corridors with her glasses over her eyes and [Venus Fly](#) in her ears. Most of the students seemed to be staring at her, mainly because of her hair, but Beverly crossed these corridors with a new feeling inside her. She came upon Ben and hugged him directly.

"I have to tell you something before it explodes."

Too late. It had already exploded.

After Beverly, Principal Higgins summoned many students to his office. Higgins wrote down exactly what the students told him.

"All I know is that she left the Halloween party on foot, alone and would have met Bowers on the way. But you can ask Sadie James, she told me everything."

"Yeah, I saw them not too far from where the Halloween party was being held at Stanley Uris' house. They were talking in a street adjacent to his. But Armand Nicholas told me they were fighting."

"I mean, I only saw them having a heated conversation. I saw him push her back against a wall, but that was it. I don't know if Henry was at the party, but check with Stanley."

"I would never have let Henry Bowers walk through my house again. Considering what happened at Eddie's birthday party."

"Yo, this guy's fucking creepy. He hit Greta Keene in front of everyone at Kaspbrak's birthday party."

"I don't know. Bowers is a potential killer and anyway, I left my birthday party before I saw anything so you'll have to ask to someone else."

"Yes, I was at Eddie's birthday party. Bowers came in mad and went after Greta, slapped her. Probably because she broke up with him during the day. But he had also hit Richie."

"I want a lawyer."

"Miss Keene. You don't need it. We're not accusing you of anything."

"Look, Beverly Marsh is a cunt. But, Henry is a dick. He has a huge problem of self-confidence since Beverly dated him for fake and Richie Tozier is back in Derry. And I think... he's gay."

"I don't know anything about Halloween, I was absolutely not there, but because I can tell you he already hated Beverly Marsh and Richie Tozier long before Eddie's party."

"That's why he threatened Tozier. And that Tozier cut his arm."

"It seems Henry Bowers has already targeted you particularly. He would have hit you in the face during an argument and threatened

you several times. Since you have already been exposed to his violent behaviour and you know the nature of the relationship between Miss Marsh and Mr. Bowers, do you think he could have reoffended with Miss Marsh, in a more dangerous way this time, Mr. Tozier ?"

Somewhere in high school, a history class for senior high school students was held. The door of the room opens, leaving the students and teacher surprised.

"Mr. Bowers. Please come with me."

Henry frowned as he looked at Principal Higgins. Everyone watched Bowers and then Higgins, confused.

"What ?"

"Please. Me. Follow."

Bowers didn't waste any more time, he left the classroom leaving his things and two policemen were facing him.

"What's going on ?"

"You'll know soon enough kid."

Bowers was escorted by police and Principal Higgins as Bill, Stan and Georgie watched as they watched the scene in front of their lockers.

"Uh ? What exactly is going on ?" Bill asked, turning to his brother and Stan.

"Bowers tried to kill Beverly," he replied Georgie dryly.

"What ? When ?" Bill shouted in complete shock.

"He would have waited for her after my Halloween party and they would have had a fight and it would have really gotten out of hand." Stan explained.

Bill frowned.

"The cock pictures. On Bowers' cloud."

"Who told you that, Georgie ?" Bill asked, looking at his worried brother.

"You."

Stan raised his eyebrows as he turned to Bill. He had clearly missed something at his own party.

"Okay, I was drunk. Don't tell anyone about this. You too, Stan."

Georgie and Stan looked at each other slightly surprised by Bill's reaction as he left Stan behind.

Along the way, his arm was caught by someone. He was pulled back and without him being able to react the lips of someone who wasn't Mike's on his. He violently pushed the person away. It was Ethan.

"Ethan.. I.. No. I'm dating Mike now and I don't want to ruin it."

"It's okay. Don't worry about it. I just thought you still liked me."

"No, I mean, yes, but not like that. I don't love you, I love Mike."

"I don't believe you. Look, I won't say anything and I'll only leave you if you promise me we can meet again."

Bill looked up to heaven as he listened to Ethan. He shook his head negatively and turned away from Ethan before resuming his path on which he saw Ben who seemed to be going to his English class. On his way to class, Ben quickly passed in front of the principal's office where he saw Beverly with his aunt.

The police looked at Beverly's aunt who sighed before looking at Principal Higgins sitting in front of her.

"Normally, I should have called Mr. Marsh, but given the dual situation, Mrs. Moore, Beverly can't go back to her father. I think you understand that very well. In addition, like you, Beverly has agreed to file a complaint against your father for the time being, it is your aunt who has authority. So, I ask you again, Mrs Moore, what do you decide ?"

"I reiterate, I support Beverly's complaint about her father..." She paused for a moment watching Beverly drying her tears. "And I'm filing a complaint against Henry Bowers. Beverly will continue her year in Derry," she added, turning to the police officers in Higgins' office.

Which brings us back to....

"Are you all right, Mr. Bowers ?"

Butch came out of the toilet looking better than when he entered it. He nodded.

"Yes, thank you, let's go."

"Mr. and Mrs. Bowers. Thank you for coming on such short notice. There was an argument between your son and Miss Marsh on Thursday night. There were a few witnesses. It would have come to blows. Miss Marsh is suffering from severe bruising and her family is filing a complaint," explained Principal Higgins.

"There must be a mistake, Henry is certainly complex but... He would never go that far. He would not commit a such act." Mona replied, looking at Principal Higgins and her husband.

"I'd like to talk to the Marshes," Butch simply added.

"Actually, talk to your son before we take him in. He is here."

The officer accompanied Butch to the room in which Henry was standing. Butch went in alone. He looked at his son who seemed to be restrained and stressed. He sincerely wanted to yell at her. To know why he had acted like that with Beverly Marsh. With her, too.

"Are you guilty ?"

Henry didn't say anything, he just looked up at his father. The two launched into a duel of looks.

"Are you guilty, Henry ?"

"Dad..."

"Yes or no ?" Butch asked in a dry tone as he approached his son.

Henry swallows at the sight of that cold, introspective look. He nodded gently as he looked down. He was defeated.

"Listen to me, you have to keep your cool. No scene, you come out of this school with your head held high."

Henry did nothing but listen.

"Look at me. Hey, look at me." He stood up when Henry obeyed, "The ordeal that awaits you, that awaits our family, is not going to be easy. You get out of here first. I'll be right behind you. Come on."

Bowers got up first and gave his father one last look, and his father nodded as he looked at him. He came out of the room and Butch expired suddenly before doing the same. As he left to cross the school, Henry walked past the principal's office. He looked carefully at Beverly through the window and Beverly did the same. The voltage was as electric as the first 20 seconds of Elastica's [Connection](#). It was as if one knew what the other was thinking at that moment. In a way, they both won. But what ? The battle or the war ?

Eddie and Richie were housed in one of the large rooms that also served as a cafeteria and worked on their yards. Only their table wasn't tidy yet and they were just the two of them. They were quickly disturbed by the arrival of Henry Bowers, his mother, police

officers and father to cross the room.

Richie and Eddie interrupted their work for the looks a little overwhelmed by what was happening in front of their eyes. Henry looked at them too, especially Richie. He was somewhat ashamed, but his eyes said something else. Eddie also noticed that it was probably more addressed to Richie than to himself. When Butch Bowers came by, he was also looking at them, especially Richie, once again. It was strange. Really strange this time. When the group finally left the room, Eddie turned to his boyfriend.

"Okay. First of all, what was that ? Two, can we talk about the fact that you fucked... Bowers' father ?"

"Eds ! Swear on your mother that you won't tell anyone."

"That you fucked Bowers' father ? Is he even good at it ?"

"I'm serious, baby. Even if one day you... you decide to hate me, don't tell anyone."

Eddie raised an eyebrow and squinted.

"How do you expect me to hate you ?"

"That's not the point ! Just keep it to yourself and take it to your fucking grave."

Eddie frowned, wanting to know more, but Richie said nothing more.

"Okay, I promise."

Richie smiled and started writing again. Eddie stayed and watched him, intrigued by his reaction, his brain was overwhelmed with questions inside.

"Do you think Bowers knows that ?"

"What ? No, fuck, no. How would you expect an asshole like him to know ?"

"I don't know... When he looked at you, it was like..... He knew

something."

"Eddie." Richie began by stopping writing before raising his head towards his boyfriend. "You get too many ideas for nothing. Stop over-analyzing things."

Eddie frowned before looking carefully at the hands of his boyfriend who had resumed his activities. Something was clearly wrong, Eddie guessed it in the way his body had bent over and his hands had become tense.

"Bowers is creepy. His whole family is. It's like... a wolf pack."

"I don't want to talk about this."

"But, you have to ! It seems a lot more complicated than...anyway... I don't want you to have.... You know... problems. Besides, I warned you it could get you in trouble."

Richie looked up at Eddie, who looked at him and stopped talking. They were really having this conversation.

"Eddie, I'm not kidding. I know I screwed up, it's okay. Leave me alone with that, don't say anything. Shut up in the future."

He closed his notebook before getting up and getting his things to leave the room.

"Rich, wait... I didn't want to... Shit."

I didn't know why Richie didn't trust me or thought I'd hate him. There was literally nothing in the world that Richie could do to make you really, really angry. Really nothing. And I told him.

After their little argument, the two quickly reconciled by message. They were never angry with each other for very long, one always cracked and this time it was Eddie. On Halloween night, they made a pact never to go to sleep by being angry with each other. So they respected it and Richie had him come to his house for the night. Richie would play his guitar a little bit as he watched his boyfriend looking for something to do.

"You know you're not allowed to read that ?"

Eddie sighed loudly and put the script he had in his hands on his boyfriend's desk before lying next to him. Richie knew he was clearly looking for her attention, so he continued to ignore her.

"Have you had a lot of one-night stands ?"

Richie looked up and raised an eyebrow looking forward.

"What does "a lot" mean ?"

"Like more than five."

Richie smiled and put his hand through his hair.

"Yes."

"More than 10 ?"

Richie raised his eyebrows and met on his guitar.

"That means yes, that's it. More than 20 ?"

"Who cares about that ?"

"It's just a question."

"Okay." Richie replied before he started playing Echobelly's [Insomniac](#) while singing.

Eddie listened to him play, completely captivated by his charisma and voice. At the same time, he couldn't help but think.

"What's it like ? I mean, fucking. Do you like it ?"

Richie stopped singing to focus on Eddie.

"I don't know. It's not really what matters. It's not like making love. What matters here is everything before, everything that leads to that. Desire, flirtation, feeling the tension rising and all that."

Eddie nodded gently as he listened to him. He chewed his lip gently

as he watched him play.

His hands. Oh, my God, I want his hands around my neck.

"But, did you have one-night stands ? No ?"

Oh, God, here we are.

"No."

"But, have you ever fucked people you didn't know ?"

He shook his head negatively as he looked at Richie.

"It's not my style..."

"Wait, how many people have you slept with in all ?"

"Not much."

"What's your number ?"

People, here is my very short and a little gloomy sexual history. I had my first kiss when I was 12, mainly because I wanted to get rid of it and I really wanted to know if I had any interest in women. It was with Myra, we dated and it was horrible. It was like kissing my mother. Then, as you know, I kissed Richie. After that, I jerked off 4 guys, sucked off 2 others, one of whom somehow forced me to do it and had a rim job between my 13th and 15th birthday. And when I was 16, after taking a xanax with beer, which is very dangerous, I lost my virginity to Dean Anderson, former captain of the football team. He may have been hot and really sexy, but it didn't save the thing. All I knew was that life was not like in a John Green novel.

"Is that all ?"

"Yep. That's all."

"Wait... Have you ever liked it ?"

Eddie's brain had some kind of short circuit. He looked Richie in the white of his eyes for a few seconds.

"Because I'm supposed to like it ?"

Richie nodded gently as he looked at his boyfriend with a sorry look on his face.

Shit.

"I wouldn't take my top off."

"Miss Marsh... Please cooperate. You've already done a lot. I know it's difficult, but you've launched a double investigation and we need to take these pictures and take what's DNA leaves are on your body."

Beverly looked at the young women in front of her. She sniffed and took off her sweater, which was only on top with thin straps. When the police officer finishes taking her pictures. She observed the results with Beverly. It was hard to see, but Beverly didn't shed a single tear.

"Believe me, the men who did this to you wanted you dead."

Beverly closed her eyes, she knew it somewhere. It was obvious. She could have died under her father's blows so many times and that night Bowers had expressly wanted to hurt her. But in her head, contrary to everything that was put in place to make her believe otherwise, she was no longer a victim.

In the room next door, Bowers' interrogation was conducted with two investigators and his father.

"So you did the act ?"

"Not really. Beverly already had a mark on her neck when we had the fight."

"Is that a confession ?" asked the lead investigator.

"Yes." Butch Bowers replied.

"Beverly and I aren't really that different."

"What do you mean ?"

Butch turned to his son, the inquisitive look.

"Nothing."

The fallout was quick.

Henry was sitting on his bed in his room listening to his father walk the 100 steps in front of his room while he was on the phone.

"I'm excluding him for the duration of the investigation." Principal Higgins repeated through the phone.

"But it could take months." Butch replied, raising his voice slightly.

And hard, very hard.

"As you know, one of the essential elements of our team, Henry Bowers, has been excluded. I would like to remind you all that at Derry High we have a zero tolerance policy."

The football team players were sitting on the floor around the coach listening to him.

A little further inside the school, a class was full and watched a documentary on violence, domestic, emotional, abusive, parental, sexual, psychological and so on. Beverly was in the center of the room at the back watching the program with both anger, disgust and frustration. Sometimes the Losers in the room, except Bill who was on the football field, would look at their friend to make sure she was

okay.

The week went by and the tension that this whole thing had created fell as quickly as it had happened.

Beverly found her boxing gloves back, rehearsals with the cheerleaders and moved to her aunt's house who found a way for her to stay in Derry again. The school was strangely quiet without Bowers, even Hockstetter seemed a little lost without him. It was certain that after Bowers' expulsion something had definitely changed. Not just in Beverly's life, but also in everyone's behaviour towards her. Most of them had stopped sexualizing her or taking up the insults and stupid names that used to come out of the past.

Suddenly, people were worried about her. Not necessarily out of pity, but just because she was there, she was human. But Beverly seemed to remain indifferent to all the new attention she was receiving. Maybe because it was too late.

She walked through the hallways of the school to her locker, which she opened to find a postcard with a haiku.

However, she still appreciated this kind of attention.

She smelled the flowers and read the poem with a smile. It was the one from him when he was 13. The first of many. She looked around to see if anyone was looking in her direction but nothing. Ben sighed with relief, she hadn't seen him. He arrived at her and when he arrived Beverly hid the card in his locker.

While Alvin Marsh was making a slight turn through the courts to lose custody of Beverly as the first legal guardian and for juvenile violence. We had not stopped supporting Beverly for the next few days, but Ben was there for her all the time. Really, all the time. Even if it was nothing for him, it was a lot for her.

"Hey."

"Hey."

"I haven't told you yet, but I like your hair like this. You look great no matter what you look like and I like this new Beverly."

"Thank you, Ben."

They looked at each other for a few more minutes without saying anything. It was not an embarrassing silence, it was a silence of the same kind that Richie and Eddie or Stan and Patricia could have. The one that only two people who understand each other perfectly can have. Beverly collapsed in his arms and Ben didn't say anything, she probably needed it more than anyone else right now.

Sometimes it felt good to just have arms in which to cry. Crying with joy or sadness. Beverly was happy because she had Ben's, no one had treated her better than Ben. It was Ben, she wanted Ben.

"And in a month, six months, when high school is finished and he's gone to New York ? That he'll tell you he just wants to be your friend ?"

"You mean "if."

"No, Eddie. "When"."

"Well, we talked about moving in together. If he goes to New York, I'll follow him. Anyway, I'd be there too. I mean, Columbia, all that."

"You didn't understand. All the joy you feel there.... Nothing that happens in high school lasts forever."

Eddie stared at Paul as he pulled his cigarette. They were both sitting on the floor in front of the church. Eddie had a moment of reflection,

he was beginning to anticipate in his head. He got up suddenly.

"You should meet him. You'll understand."

A few minutes later, the weekly meeting began. As usual, stories, narratives, lives. Eddie listened to each of them. It was inspiring, vast, enriching. When one of them finished his, he raised his hand.

"Eddie?"

He jumped up and everyone turned to him.

"Ok, um.. Hi, my name is Eddie and I'm an addict." He stopped for a moment when everyone answered him. "Hm.... I-I just wanted to apologize. To everyone because almost every time I testified, I lied. Every time I collected a token for the 30 days or 60 days, I lied."

Eddie sighed. It was difficult to be honest, he knew it, but it gave him an incredible feeling of calm.

"But... Recently, someone came into my life. I mean, more like back in my life and.... He helped me. And now I want to stay clean."

Eddie put his hand through his hair and felt his other hand in his pocket looking for his inhaler for the growing panic.

"Ok, fuck... Maybe... maybe I'm selfish.. I mean..... Paul fucking freaked me out by saying it wouldn't last. Fuck, you know what... You're probably right. But, I really hope with all my heart that you're wrong, because.... I've been clean for 20 days. It's bearable. I'm even really happy, actually and it feels good. So that's why I wanted to tell you the truth. That's it... Thank you."

A shy little smile appeared on Eddie's face when he saw Paul clapping and then the rest of the room joining in to applause.

Sometimes telling the truth was important. Certainly, it could be hard and the consequences could be serious, but living a lie was ultimately much harder. Maybe it was also a sign of maturity. I was hoping that it would be.

After the meeting, Eddie drove home, still with music in his ears. He

also knew there was a person to whom he had not told the truth. He made a detour to Richie's house. Once in front of his house, he left him a message but Richie didn't answer so he went home. Her mother wasn't there, she must have gone to work nights for the paper. He went up the stairs but had a strange feeling. When he opened the door to his room, he opened his eyes when he saw Richie sitting on his bed reading one of his books on neuroscience.

"I don't understand why you're so interested by that." Richie asked as he dropped off the book.

"What... what are you doing in my room ?"

"I wanted to see you. I missed you."

Eddie smiled as he approached his bed, took off his shoes and sweater and leaned over to Richie to kiss him. He liked the way Richie kissed him, it was sweet and as he went along, it became more and more envious. Eddie squatted on him, he could feel his big hands caressing his back under his shirt. It was hot, too hot.

We were definitely not going to talk tonight.

"Oh, someone gets sentimental." Eddie whispered as he looked at him after his kiss.

"Fuck you." he said, kissing his neck.

He was playing with his skin by biting and licking it, Eddie already felt weak about it, he let a moan escape from his mouth.

"Looks like someone likes it. That's good."

"Are you going to be like this all night ?"

"Yep."

"Are we going to...?"

"Only if you want to. We're going to have sex. Ahaha I'm kidding, unless..."

We were supposed to talk.

"Shut up and kiss me."

At that sentence, Richie had a little corner smile and kissed Eddie. He slowly took Richie's glasses off and put them on the edge of his bedside table and kissed him again before contemplating his face. He was divine.

"How long are you going to look at me ?" Richie asked, slowly pulling up her boyfriend's shirt.

Eddie helped him take off his shirt and then did the same with Richie's shirt.

"You have the talent to ruining everything. Am I not allowed to observe you ?"

"No. Not when we have better things to do, Eds."

"Do you have anything better to offer Trashmouth ?"

"Your dick, my mouth, you know things like that, very nice for you and me."

Eddie grinned before laughing. Richie got up carrying him and put him on his bed to be above him. He slowly unbuttoned Eddie's jeans as he looked at it. He was beautiful like that, in need of what was to come. Richie moved his lips to ask him if he was sure Eddie nodded in response. Richie got up to get lubricant and condoms. He took his phone to launch a "dick riding" playlist on Eddie's compound. He in turn took off his jeans and boxers and found himself completely naked in front of Eddie, who stared at his member with surprise.

Okay. It was huge.

As Frank Ocean's [Self-Control](#) passed by, Richie knelt down in front of Eddie and dropped his underwear to discover his erection.

"You can't imagine how much I've been waiting for this moment. You look beautiful, Eds."

Eddie got up slightly. When his eyes crossed Richie's, he turned a little red. This made Richie smile as he slowly began to kiss his lower abdomen without breaking eye contact. He slowly stroked the base of his penis and let his tongue play with his skin before putting it slowly on his penis.

"Stop... making me long... Rich... please."

When Richie was satisfied enough with his boyfriend's pleas, he started sucking on him. Eddie honestly thought he was going to cry because it was so good. Richie knew how to do it and Eddie made him understand it. He hung on to his sheets as best he could and his moans filled the room.

"R-Rich.... I will... Fuck..."

Richie slows down, realizing he was coming. He didn't know if Eddie was tough enough for a second round but he would find out soon enough anyway. He let it drain directly into his mouth and swallowed it directly. Surprisingly, Richie loved Eddie's taste in his mouth. He was like he smelled: good. He slowly climbed up towards him, sprinkling his body with kissing. When he arrived in front of him, he admired his lover's blushing face.

"Now you can really call me Trashmouth."

Eddie laughed as he looked at Richie, his cheeks still on fire. He slowly nodded his head and chewed his lower lip.

"See, it's that you should feel when you have sex, baby." Richie whispered slowly in a hoarse voice.

Eddie placed one of his strands behind his ear before getting up to kiss him, rolling him to the side so he would be above him.

What if I already thought it would happen ? Never. If I had already dreamed of it ? Of course, of course. Richie was more handsome, more tender, more than in any of my dreams. If that was it, loving sex, then I loved it.

"Yeah ? Then I want you to feel that too."

Eddie's voice was sweet but terribly exciting to Richie's ears. The temperature in the room had risen considerably and the bed seemed to have turned into water while the two boys' mouths were still touching each other in a languid and sulphurous kiss. Eddie's right hand slowly slipped towards his crotch while Richie's hands grabbed his buttocks firmly. Eddie let a little squeak escape from his mouth at this gesture, which made Richie smile.

"Eds, tonight I'm the one who makes you feel good."

Eddie squinted and smiled to make him understand that he would also do according to his rules. Eddie stood up and pulled Richie with him to get him up. He got down on his knees and started to slowly jerk Richie's dick off. He then bent down to his boyfriend's dick to take it in his mouth until he could. That is to say, quite long. Richie opened his eyes before closing them and when he felt his boyfriend's tongue spinning on his glans, he turned his head back into a rage of pleasure.

"Look at me, Richard." Eddie ordered Eddie in a firm tone.

Richie did so completely captivated by this dominating nature. Eddie was so exciting that he felt like he was melting into his hands. He moaned his name and his left hand naturally took its place in his hair to guide him. Eddie was so sweet and at the same time, Eddie was vicious, he saw him when his eyes crossed his own, when he started beating his eyelashes excessively, or when he moaned in a totally obscene way. Richie felt like he was coming.

"Eds, Eds, baby..." he said with difficulty between two moans.

"What? Don't you like it ?" Eddie asked falsely sad.

"Are you out of your mind ? It's the best fucking blowjob I've ever had. Come here."

Eddie smiled as he continued to wank Richie. The latter stared at him attentively, cursing in his beard. Before taking it firmly by the arm to make it go up. Eddie admired his pupils who had become black with desire and before he could say anything Richie threw himself around to kiss him. The kiss was messy and in a hurry, Eddie had never been

kissed like that before. Every time his lips touched Richie's, his language struggled with Richie's, he felt like he was in a dream. Yet it was real.

"Now it's my turn to do you good, love."

Eddie felt his face catch fire at this sentence. He did not want to lose his previously initiated dominance so he pushed him back on the bed so that he could lie down and step over it.

"Yeah, but I'm leading." he said, keeping a vicious smile on his face.

Richie laughed.

"Do you want to play that game ? You're going to beg me. I'm going to fuck you so hard that you're going to cry for your mother, baby. Now, on all fours." Richie whispered in his ear.

Okay. Now, I was really hard.

Eddie did so and Richie placed himself in such a position that he could practice rimming and prepare it cheerfully. Eddie was slightly divided between the discomfort and excitement of being in this position in front of him. Yet he had dreamed of it, but it was so intimate. Richie slowly licked his orifice, which made Eddie pant very quickly, knowing that he was impatient and he too was. He could simply enjoy the view he had of his boyfriend at that moment.

"You look beautiful, Eds, really." he said before putting to his tongue in him.

So he stayed to kiss him with his tongue for a few moments, it was a mess. Usually, Eddie wasn't a fan of rimming mainly for hygiene reasons, but now he already wanted more. Richie used the remaining saliva as a temporary lubricant when he inserted a first finger into himself.

"God, Eds ! You're so fucking tight." he said, watching his hand go back and forth before inserting a second finger and then a third, which made Eddie moan a little louder. "Yes, that's right. I know what you want more of it. You're going to feel so good when I'm inside you. Is that what you want, baby ?"

Eddie let a squeak escape from his mouth as he moved his hips to Richie's rhythm. When Richie stopped, he was panting.

"What do you want, Eddie ? Tell me." Richie ordered while putting on his condom.

"You. I want you in me. I want to feel you inside me." Eddie begged.

Eddie arched his back more pronouncedly in order to have the perfect positioning. Richie was impressed. He leaned towards Eddie, grabbing his hips firmly and slowly entered him. The movement was long so Eddie could get used to it. The latter had a slight cry of muffled stupor. Richie remained in him without moving for a moment until he heard a little supplication from his boyfriend. He rolled his hips forward in a slow but precise movement and did it again, driving Eddie crazy very quickly. Richie was faster and drier in his backstrokes, Eddie clung as best he could to the sheets of his bed. He could feel Richie, take him in a way that was both brutal and tender, it was so special. He couldn't control the whining coming out of his mouth, the little "oh, oh, oh, Rich, yes, oh my God" that made Richie go faster. He, on the other hand, controlled everything, the marks he left on his lover's body, his hot kisses, the moans that reached his ears as well as the words he would surmise him.

"Fuck, Eddie ! Beautiful. You're really... too beautiful."

His voice. His hands. His body. That voice is loud and that body stinks of sex. That's what I wanted. I wanted more, I wanted to give him more.

"Richie... I..."

"Yeah, baby ? Fuck, Jeez. You're so good... You're so sexy, Eds." he said gently, pulling his hair slightly.

"I want to ride your dick..."

Richie slows down when he hears Eddie being so begging and at the same time so direct. He gave a few kisses on his neck before withdrawing from him with a moan.

"Shit, Eds. I was so ready..."

"Aren't you tough then ?"

"Shut up and do your thing." said as he stood up to face Eddie.

Slowly, Eddie sat on top of him, taking him completely inside, he let a long whine of pleasure escape from his mouth before he started moving his hips. Richie stood up to grab his boyfriend's hips more firmly. Their bodies stuck together creating additional friction as the two men looked into each other's eyes and moaned. One of Eddie's hands landed on her lover's cheek while the other was pulling out the hair strands from her forehead. It was so good to feel Richie totally inside him that way. At the same time as he was kissing Richie had resumed the rhythm by giving deeper back strokes, directly touching his prostate in an intense way, which made Eddie lose his head against his lips. One of Richie's hands had come to grab his already hot erection from the pre-sperm that was coming out.

"Oh, stop, you're gonna make me come too fast..."

"Baby, that's the goal."

"Fuck Rich... I'm- I'm..."

Richie kissed Eddie's lips and jaw before lying down again to watch his boyfriend's little jumps. The latter enjoys in a scream that seemed to be in Richie's name. He had a funny face when he reached orgasm but Richie thought he was terribly cute. He dropped on his body and then buried his head in his neck and slowly moaned his name as he struggled to ride his boyfriend. Richie came right after him in a hoarse, panting growl. He remained in him for a while longer before retiring and began to laugh softly.

"Why are you laughing ?" Eddie asked with his eyes closed and still shaking with the power of orgasm.

"Because I can't believe you make that face when you come." he laughs.

Eddie opened his eyes and looked at him red before he hit him.

"Fuck you, Rich. I took your huge dick and that's all you have to say."

"Yeah, because you're fucking cute, you know. By the way, how much porn did you watch to get such a competent arc game ?"

"By the way, don't you ever shut up ?"

"No, because I know you like it, Eds. That's why you and I are endgame." Richie added, stroking Eddie's cheek with his hand, which wasn't full of sperm.

"I'd rather go out with the trash than go out with you."

"Ouch. It hurts."

"Yep, well, less than punching you in the face."

"You're so mean ! Even your dirty talk is mean... Keep going, please." Richie said as she watched his boyfriend get up from bed and pick up the used condom to throw it away.

"I'm not mean. Not my fault if you give off an energy that makes me want to fight with you and then kiss you !"

"It's our aesthetic, Eds. You bring passion, I bring romance !"

"Only a pisces would say that."

"That's why we're soulmates."

Eddie smiled before he pulled him with him to the shower.

"We're soul mates mostly because I'm more of a scorpion than a virgo."

"You're definitely not a virgin and a virgo, love."

Eddie put his hand on his mouth while running the water to cover his stupid boyfriend's words. Richie gently bit his hand to get it out and they continued to fight like that while showering before going back to bed in their pajamas this time.

"This is the first and last time we have sex in my room."

Richie smiled as his boyfriend stared at him, Richie laughed.

"You're so cute."

"Stop saying that, I don't want to be cute."

"But you are, and I'm lucky."

Eddie stood up to him with a sigh. Richie surrounded him with his arms and began to put kisses on the top of his head.

Being in Richie's arms was like being at home.

"No, I'm the lucky one." Eddie replied in a weak voice before yawning. "You know... I wanted you to be my first. I would have liked to do everything with you."

I couldn't know if Richie felt the same way, but I didn't care, because I was with him now, that was all that mattered now, the present.

Eddie's voice was weak, almost asleep, in normal times Richie would probably have retorted something stupid to make it clear in his own way that he was touched by his words but he did nothing. He couldn't talk, probably still too surprised by his confidence. He hugged Eddie a little more and enjoyed the silence after that moment.

Meanwhile, Beverly wasn't doing so well. She was hanging out in her room, going in circles, she felt weird, she wanted to scream. Not because of Bowers, he got what he deserved and in a way, everyone benefited. But because of his father. Getting out of an abusive

relationship was something extremely difficult and there was definitely a difference between dreaming about it and when it actually happened. She felt guilty. Her mind told her that she deserved the treatment she had received somewhere. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help but believe it.

Lying on the couch in the living room, with her head on her aunt Karen's lap, she was watching the information. These last few days everything had been gloomy, strange, Beverly used to fight her problems alone, but this one was impossible. She had discussed it with Bill who, as usual, had been of good advice. He had listened to him and understood his sadness somewhere. But Beverly was not only sad, she was also angry and she didn't know how to express it, this anger.

When the news broke about the growing number of feminicides in the country, she had jumped up. Karen was not surprised but looked at her niece with concern.

Karen knew that Elfrida Marsh had also died from her husband's blows, but Beverly and she had never mentioned it. They couldn't do it. Karen knew Beverly wasn't stupid, but Beverly wasn't the crying type. Nor to lament her fate. Life had shaped her so that she could hide her suffering as much as possible. And her mother had made sure she was on her own too. But Beverly always ends up exploding, it was worrying somewhere, because she couldn't move forward without it.

"Are you all right, honey ?"

"Yes, Karen, don't worry. I'd just better get ready or I'll be late."

Karen nodded as she watched Beverly leave for her room.

"Beverly ?"

"Yes ?"

Karen took a deep breath.

"Alvin will never hurt you again. It's over now. I promise you that. Even if this episode remains traumatic, somewhere.... What doesn't

kill you will make you stronger. Trauma makes us stronger. Okay ?"

Beverly smiled before shaking her head and heading back to her room.

Internally, Beverly wanted to laugh. Not because she was laughing at Karen, but because Alvin was still there somewhere. This sentence horrified her. Trauma doesn't make you stronger, trauma makes you traumatized. At that very moment, she felt it.

Beverly put on flowing elephant leg pants, put on a small off-white UNIF top, her necklace with a key around her neck, a few gold rings on her fingers, black heeled vagabond and a black vinyl jacket. As usual, she had done a light make-up, a black eyeliner line, redesigned her eyebrows, put on a little blush to take on colours.

She had combed her hair in a few minutes, took her purse, her cigarettes, her keys, said goodbye to Karen, who gave her enough money to buy herself enough food for a week.

"I don't need that much..."

"I insist, enjoy yourself !"

Beverly couldn't help but be tenderized in front of Karen. Her aunt was so vivacious, always so spontaneous, sometimes she felt that Karen was the child and she was the adult. She nodded gently before hugging her and Karen was somewhat surprised but closed her arms on Beverly and stroked her back.

"Thank you."

Karen smiled at her and let her go with a big smile on her face. Beverly hurried and took her bike, put on her headphones and let [There She Goes](#) accompany her.

Mike, Bill, Stan and Ben were in the entrance of the roller rink, patiently waiting for the last arrivals, late.

"Shall we take the rollerblades ?" Stan asked as he looked at his phone.

"We take the rollerblades," concluded Bill as he walked under the neon lights of the place, to go and book everything.

"It was a question." Stan shouted as he watched his three friends walk away.

"What's going on ?"

"Eddie ! You're late, young man."

Stan pulled him towards the rest of the gang who greeted him. Eddie gave his size and Richie's size to get some skates.

"So it's *that* serious between you and Richie ?" Stan asked with a teasing smile on his face.

Eddie shook his head negatively and smiled.

"So what's this ?" Mike asked, touching the redness on his neck.

"A mosquito."

"End of November ? A mosquito ? In Derry ?"

Bill and Stan laughed as they watched Eddie try to contain himself, albeit badly. He was going to retaliate when Richie arrived.

"Good evening, my dear fellow male friends."

"Good evening, mosquito." Stan replied, looking at Richie with a sly smile.

Ben, Bill and Mike burst out laughing as they looked at Stan and Richie and then Eddie hiding his blushing face. Stan turned to Eddie who whispered a "I hate you" and Richie seemed to understand what was happening when he looked closely at his boyfriend and noticed the visible marks on his neck.

"You know it's not just his blood I suck on ?"

"Beep beep beep Richie !" they all said at the same time.

Eddie shook his head negatively and wanted to hide because he was

so fed up. But he was laughing too, then, he liked it somewhere. His dynamics with losers was what he loved most in the world.

When Bev arrived in the distance, the boys stopped in their discussion or bickering. They looked at her as hypnotized, it was warm to them to see her after this totally hectic month.

"So ? Shall we go ?"

Beverly smiled brightly after picking up her skates and the boys were reassured. They put them in a mess and started their evening. On the track, they were all having fun, all together, all laughing together and for a moment they felt like they were back in childhood. They had the impression that tomorrow they would not be adults, that they no longer had any problems, that they were not stuck in the harshness of growing up. They were happy and they hadn't been happy for a long time, together. When Mike almost fell from going too fast, Richie laughed about it and Stan hit Richie laughing. Bev and Eddie were holding hands as they went around. Bill and Ben tried to dance on [Movin' on Up](#), [Kids in America](#), [Run The Road](#) and the other songs that passed through the roller rink and sometimes Richie would join them in their roller dance steps.

While Bill, Ben and Eddie continued their final laps, Mike and Stan had gone to get food for everyone. Bev and Richie had stopped first and removed their skates while watching the quartet on the track. Eddie arrived in their direction at full speed, which made Beverly laugh and Richie smile.

"I'm coming ! Just one more !"

The two nodded as they watched him leave at full speed, then Beverly turned to Richie.

"Eddie seems to be doing better... Much better."

"Yeah ! That's right, Ringwald," Richie replied enthusiastically.

Eddie was getting better and indeed better and Richie was happy to see that he was already getting away from drugs. He knew he wasn't really thinking about it anymore, he knew he was fighting for it, he

knew he was going to meetings and he knew he had been sober since September. And even though he and Eddie didn't talk about it often, he knew that Eddie could cope with the present and what was happening around him. So Richie was proud of the work Eddie was doing. He was braver than he thought, he was the bravest of them all, a fucking gryffindor.

"It's all thanks to you, you know ?"

His lips closed in a thin line. That's what Richie was afraid of. Even though he loved Eddie to death, he was always afraid that Eddie would do all this for him. It scared him because he knew himself and what he had done, especially what happened with Bowers. He couldn't be his guardian. Richie was afraid that Eddie might depend on him because he wasn't perfect and he couldn't handle it. He did not want, as Bill and Ben had told him, for his person to replace the drug. Because behind the rising star was a total disaster.

According to Richie, Eddie deserved stability, in addition to a healthy and beautiful relationship, Richie still didn't know if he could give it to him until Bowers' story was settled. He only wanted to be everything Eddie needed because he wasn't. Eddie didn't need him. Eddie needed to take care of himself first. Richie couldn't be responsible for Eddie's health and he couldn't tell him because otherwise he would just become the asshole who broke his heart 4 years ago and still today. Basically Bowers was right, Richie was broken. He was also taking the risk of breaking the person he loved the most in the world, so it couldn't have been thanks to him if Eddie was sober.

"Yeah.... I, I have to pee. I'll be right back."

Richie got up in fury and headed for the toilet under Beverly's intrigued gaze. When Richie left Eddie came in with his shoes and took off his skates. Beverly watched him closely.

"Is everything all right ? I mean with Richie. Is everything all right ?"

"Yes, why ?"

"He's been acting weird lately... Do you know anything, kitten?"

Eddie thought for a while, he was thinking about telling her about Butch Bowers. He also thought about telling her that there was something he didn't know and that he was worried. He finally shook his head negatively and Beverly nodded gently. She knew that Eddie didn't mean anything to him, but she didn't want to push him, he must have had his reasons. If Eddie wanted to turn himself in, he usually did.

"I miss my father... It's weird, but I miss him," Beverly breathed as she looked at Eddie. "It's... I just wasn't imagining it. So fast. So brutally. I just need some time, I guess."

"Yes, I understand... You have to remember that it's not your fault in particular. I'm glad you finally freed yourself from him. You're in control now, that's all that matters. It makes me happy."

Eddie was sincere, he was the only one in the group who had known for long enough and at Beverly's request, he had never said anything. He usually took care of her and her bruises, but knowing that she had finally gotten out of there reassured him. It made him want to believe it for himself.

"You have it too, Eddie. Neither drugs nor your mother define you. There is hope around you and in you. You're making a lot of effort and taking care of yourself, I'm so proud of you, Eddie. You should be too."

Eddie sketched a smile. He wanted to cry. Beverly may have been the only person who told him she was proud of him since his return and it felt so good. Beverly put a kiss on her cheek.

It feels good to have people who see and understand, Beverly was like that. She knew. She understood what it was like to love and hate a person at the same time, to know the toxicity of a relationship, the guilt on your shoulders, the need to go out, to breathe because it was like, it was impossible. All because somewhere Beverly was me. She had part of what I wanted: to be independent. I had a part of what she wanted: to be really loved and feel that love. So it was easier to talk to her about all this, about mom, dad and the lack. It was easier.

The rest of the evening went well, Richie had returned, Beverly had

tried to pull the worms out of his nose and he became tense when she talked about Bowers. Beverly didn't say anything but understood that there was something. He talked to him about Eddie and his fears with him. Quickly the conversation diverted to Bowers again. Stan who had come back to pick up everyone had joined the conversation and listened carefully. He hadn't dared to talk about the Bowers cloud photos Bill had mentioned. It wasn't his problem, but given Richie's behavior, he felt something had happened. Uris had finally pulled the whole gang out of the roller rink to eat at a small dinner that Mike knew and Beverly paid for them to eat their fill. At the end of the evening, they landed towards the clearing and continued the evening. Stan was missing to talk to Richie. Mike had started a little concert and the losers were listening to him attentively. Around 11pm - midnight, everyone finally returned.

Eddie and Richie arrived together at the Kaspbrak house. The atmosphere was slightly heavy since the end of the evening. Eddie turned to Richie and smiled at him.

"Are you staying at my place tonight?"

Richie came out of his thoughts and shook his head negatively.

"No, I think I'm going to go home."

Oh... Okay, so can I sleep at your place?"

Richie was slightly surprised. Usually it was him who would crash at Eddie's house, then his rigid mother as she could lock him in his house after that. He hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Hm.... Yeah, yes, of course."

Both took the road back to Richie's house. When they arrived, they changed and Richie removed the little makeup Eddie was wearing before going to brush their teeth. Once in bed, they talked a little more, especially about Eddie's act of rebellion. The latter fell asleep clinging to him, his hand on his chest and his head on his heart. Richie, for his part, despite Eddie's presence, couldn't sleep. He was staring at the ceiling, thoughtful and anxious. Feeling like storm was about to come for him.

Notes for the Chapter:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH I can't say more but oh, man...

I also have a little gift for you, I created Richie's "dick riding" playlist for you so if you want it: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3gVgjkH5wGbU196PJ7bwzj?si=Ax6sAZ5bQYa6oqUInGrKnA>, enjoy !

As for us, we'll see you very soon with the next chapter, thank you for reading !